

The
RUTLAND TOWN
BICENTENNIAL
SAMPLER
1776 ~ 1976



A Collection of Stories
Spanning Over 200
Years of Town History

We present this Bicentennial booklet with the knowledge that we have only sampled the rich, historical lore that is to be found in Rutland Town. Although the land area of Rutland Town was far greater in times past, we have limited our geographical coverage to the present boundaries. The nation's 200th birthday is the celebration of an independent people and thus a sampling of stories written by our own townspeople seemed to best reflect the stuff of which our heritage is made. A hearty thank-you to all those who contributed material and helped to make this truly an effort of the community.

Faye R. Smith, chairman
Rutland Town Bicentennial

RUTLAND TOWN BICENTENNIAL COMMITTEE:

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THE FIRST SETTLER

by Faye Smith

Once there was only Otter Creek, its dark water threading northward through a wild, green valley. The morning sunlight illumined the peaks of unnamed mountains known to us now as Blue Ridge, Pico, East Mountain, and Killington. The red men who passed through on hunting trips did so as silently as the wildlife they stalked. Gradually, as white men discovered the creek to be the great artery to the North, trappers and traders appeared. After them followed soldiers and surveyors. In 1759-60 the wilderness rang with the sound of ax and shovels as 800 New Hampshire troops cut a road from Charles-town, N.H. to Crown Point, N.Y. crossing at Center Rutland, probably below the falls. Soon 400 fat cattle in five droves muddled the waters of the creek as they were driven over the new road to provide beef for the malnourished troops at Crown Point.

In 1761 a charter was granted by Gov. Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire to Col. Josiah Willard of Winchester, N.H. for Rutland. It was the first named grantee, John Murray, from Rutland, Mass. who probably gave the name to the township. Murray never lived here, however.

James Mead was the first white man to settle in Rutland Town. Land was sold by "rights". One "right" contained about 350 acres. After selling half of the rights he had purchased, Mead still retained 10 rights or about 3500 acres. He made his purchase on September 30, 1769. In the fall of that year he built a log house, half a mile west of Center Rutland, near the banks of West Creek. He found a large beaver dam in the vicinity.

The first settlement of Rutland occurred in March, 1770. This time the entire Mead family came from Manchester, Vt. There was James Mead, now forty years old; his wife, Mercy; and ten children. The oldest of the children was Sarah, seventeen years old, married to Wright Roberts who also accompanied them. These thirteen people took three days to make the journey from Manchester to their new home. They came over the uplands west. The first night they spent in Dorset, the second in Danby--passing through Tinmouth, West Clarendon, and Smithtown. In Chippenhook Wright Roberts who was driving cows and Mercy and Sarah had to ask directions at the house of Simeon Jenny, a Yorker and Tory, as they had fallen so far behind the others that they had lost their way.

The third evening they camped on land that was to become the Robert Chapman farm in Clarendon. After a warm supper they decided to push on to the end of their journey. History reports that it was a moonlit, frosty night.

They arrived quite late in the evening with one pair of oxen pulling all their household belongings on a sledge; horse and cattle following. The log house which Mead had built the previous fall had no roof, it was too near the creek and winter snows made it uninhabitable. Nearby was a group of Caughnawaga Indians. They had a fire and were warmly encamped in a wigwam on higher ground. The Indians talked among themselves

in their own tongue and then unexpectedly throwing their arms apart cried, "Welcome, Welcome!" They gathered up their traps and shared the wigwam with the Meads. Late in the fall the Mead family had a sturdy log home ready for winter.

James Mead kept a boat at each side of Otter Creek at Center Rutland for crossing. There were no bridges. The nearest grist mills were at Skenesborough (Whitehall) and Bennington. The iron hand mill that Mead brought was useful in grinding coarse corn. There were trout, venison and wild fowl in abundance. Wild leeks, butternuts, wild berries and shad plums rounded out their diet along with maple sugar. Fields needed to be cleared, a well must be dug. There was hard work ahead for the Mead family. There would be trouble with "Yorkers" who claimed land in the area. Within a few years the tide of the Revolutionary War would reach them as they received anxious reports that Gen. John Burgoyne, leader of the British forces, had launched an invasion of the entire Champlain Valley. Burgoyne's forces included Indians whose savage attacks had already sent some settlers along Otter Creek fleeing south for safety. In 1777 James Mead fought with the Green Mountain Boys at the Battle of Hubbardton. His wife Mercy alone at home with three of her smallest children received word that the battle had been lost and that already the enemy were reported to be in the area. Alarmed for their safety, she took her three small children on horseback and fled to Bennington. She survived to see woodland converted to fertile, cultivated fields. She was one of 20 people who formed the first Congregational Church in Rutland which was organized in 1773. She is buried with her husband in Evergreen Cemetery. She died at age 92 in the year 1793.

Col. James Mead served in the Revolution at the battles Hubbardton and Bennington. He was the first moderator, first selectman and first representative from Rutland to the first Vermont Legislature. Within two years after settling here he had established a grist mill and lumber mill at the falls.

A marker on the West Proctor Road at the present William Hurley home commemorates the site of Col. James Mead's house. The stones in the cellar wall of the Hurley's are reportedly the same that supported the 3-room log cabin of the James Mead family, first settlers of Rutland Town.

Sources:

Centennial Celebration of the Settlement
of Rutland, Vermont 1870
Henry Hall's Address
Tuttle & Co.

Inaugural address of Hon. John Abner Mead, Mayor
Delivered April 1, 1893
Rutland City Report

Book of Biographies of Rutland County
Biographical Pub. Co. Buffalo, N.Y. 1899

The Vermont Story (1749 - 1949)
Earle Newton, Vermont Hist. Soc. 1949

THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN RUTLAND TOWN

by Faye Smith

Who was the first white child born in Rutland Town? We take the following information from Henry Hall, a noted historian of Rutland.

Three babies were born within a ten-day period in 1770.

The first was a son, William, born on September 23, 1770 to Simeon Powers and his wife Lydia who had settled in the spring of 1770, west of Otter Creek on the present Frank Belock property, once called the Kelley farm. Powers was a cooper from Springfield. The new baby was reportedly their second child. The story is told that a few days before the birth of William Powers his mother and others were upset in a boat on Otter Creek above the Center Rutland Falls. She had floated near the brink of the Falls before she caught hold of a slippery log, holding on until rescued. A relative and his wife came to live with the Powers in the fall named William Dwinell.

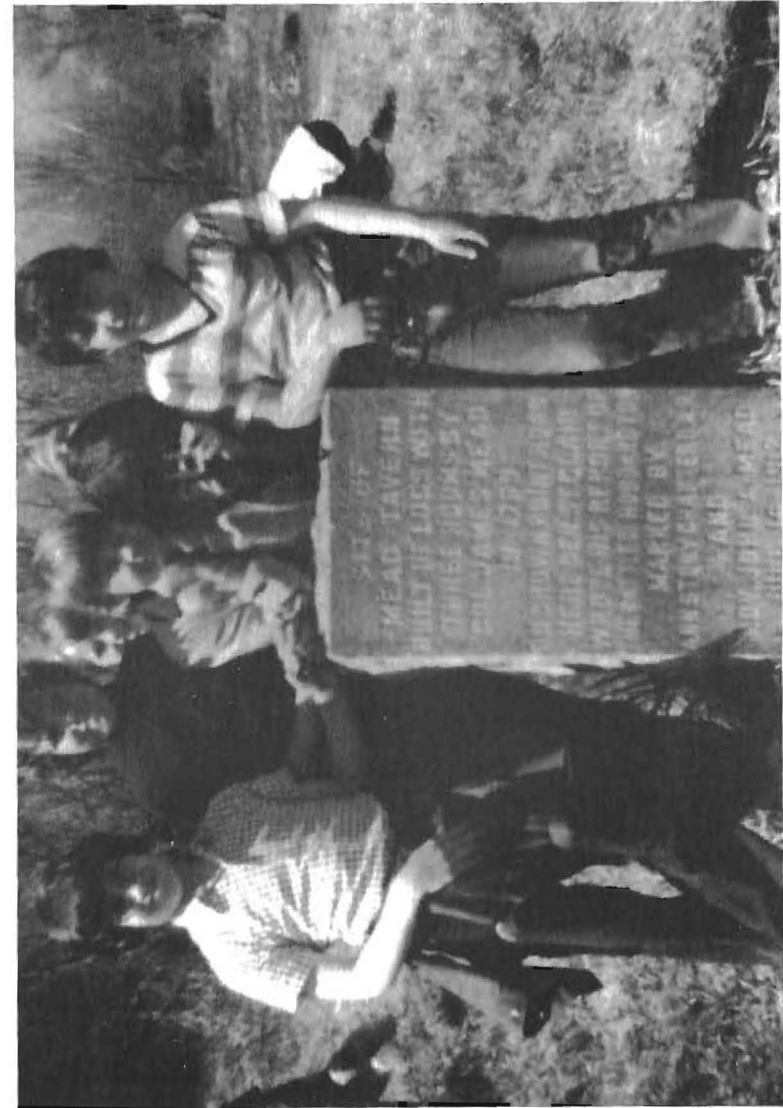
One day after the birth of the Powers' baby a son, William, was born to James and Mercy Mead.

The third child to be born was Chloe, a daughter to Asa Johnson and his wife from Williamstown, Massachusetts on October 3, 1770.

The population of Rutland Town in 1770 was estimated to be about two dozen.

Source:

Centennial Celebration of the Settlement
of Rutland
Henry Hall's Address, 1870



MEAD MARKER ON WEST PROCTOR ROAD

Students from Rutland Town Elementary School gathered here on May 6, 1975 to greet Mike Canty, a member of the Castleton Ridgerunners, as he and others in the running group reenacted the run of Major Beach, a hero of the Revolutionary War.

CENTER RUTLAND FALLS

"These falls were originally embraced in the lands owned by James Mead and for awhile known as "Mead Falls". Early in the 19th century the Falls and considerable surrounding territory were bought by William and Richard Gookin and then were known as "Gookin Falls". In later years the Falls and surrounding area has been given the name of Center Rutland.

William and Richard Gookin came here from New Hampshire. They were energetic men and applied the water power in the operation of several successful manufactures.

On the south side of the falls they built a grist mill. A paper mill did a very good business for a number of years.

Mr. Gookin built a store at the corner of the main road and the Proctor road. It was later occupied by Shedd and Son and then Louis Rosen. (It has now been torn down.)"

History of Rutland County - 1886

FORT RANGER

"In March 1778 Rutland was made the headquarters for the State Troops. That same year a Fort was erected at Center Rutland on the hill east of the falls known as Gookin Falls and named Fort Ranger. It covered two or more acres, was made of unhewn hemlock logs or pickets, sunk in a trench five feet deep, and rising fifteen feet high, sharpened at the top and inclining outward and accomodating two or three hundred troops. In the northwest section a blockhouse was built, forty feet square and two stories high and supplied on all sides with portholes. This fort was used as headquarters and a depot of supplies for other forts until 1781 when the headquarters was removed to Castleton."

Historical Rutland - Tuttle Printing Co.

CAMPBELL-SHARP-DECENDANTS IN THE TOWN OF RUTLAND

by William E. Sharp, with help from R. N. Sharp, Mendon

James Campbell, born in Ulster County, Ireland about 1704 came to this country with his father, Robert Campbell and a brother and settled in Voluntown, Connecticut in 1791. He married Hannah Taylor on June 3, 1725 and settled in Killingly, Conn. in later years. His will was dated December 1772 and he died the next year. He had 12 children all born in Voluntown, Conn. The one we will be interested in is Samuel, his seventh child..

Samuel Campbell was born January 8, 1736 or 7. On April 10, 1760 he married Esther Smith and they had eight children, the last two being twins. Records show that he enlisted with a Rhode Island regiment of Provincials about 1756. These Provincials were in service with Major Robert Rogers Rangers. He was commissioned as a Lt. He also served with Ethan Allen and was in Clarendon, Vt. in 1774. It is known that Rogers Rangers were real sharp shooters. It was stated that Lt. Samuel could "shoot the beak off a humming bird at 50 yards."

He settled in this area and made his home on what is now called Campbell Road. The place is now occupied by the Schillinger family. Lt. Samuel's first deed was recorded in 1773 and it is believed that the home was built soon after. The Campbell Road being built in 1759 by Capt. Stark and 200 men, it was used as a military road. Prior to 1759 it was used as an Indian trail or road. Later in 1776 under orders from General Jeff Amherst the road was improved and a bridge at the falls was built, also one in Clarendon. Those traveling the back road to Wallingford can still see the old bridge abutments.

Of the eight children born to Samuel, the one we are interested in was Daniel, the third child born June 15, 1764. He lived in a house just south of the Campbell place in what is now Haywords Orchard and was the father of 14 children. One of his children was named Urastus and is the one we are interested in.

Urastus, born in 1796 and married in 1817 was given the old Campbell place by his father, Daniel, as a wedding present. We must state now that the Campbells owned a lot of property, practically the whole hill from Rutland to West Rutland. Urastus was the father of seven children and lived to be 92. He died in 1889 and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery.

Now to continue with the people that lived in the Campbell home after Urastus death. Grant Boardman and wife Emma purchased the place. Mr. Boardman's mother was Urastus Campbells daughter. They came from Middlebury and lived there until both died.

In the early 1930's Charles Keefe and wife Lucille and son purchased the Campbell home. Mr. Keefe's mother was Grant Boardmans sister so you see we still have Campbell blood.



THE CAMPBELL HOUSE
(presently R. E. Schillinger home)
Could this be the oldest house in Rutland Town?



HOME OF WILLIAM E. SHARP - QUARTERLINE ROAD

In 1958 Mr. Keefe sold the home to the present owners the Schillingers, the first ones that were not descendents of the Campbells.

Now to backtrack a bit and bring the Sharps into the picture. It is known that they originally came from England, but went to Holland for religious purposes. Andrie Hance Sharp came to this country in 1660, but records are not clear enough to trace until about 1860. Richard Sharp came here from Kinderhook, N.Y. a place south of Albany about 1860, and helped build the Dorr home near Dorr Bridge. A shop was built near the Creek where he worked as a carpenter and cabinet maker. Born in 1829, he married Isabelle Campbell daughter of Urastus Campbell and purchased the present Sharp farm, which was former Campbell property. They had five children, William R. Sharp born in 1864 and a daughter and triplets that died shortly after birth. Richard Sharp died in 1916. His father, David Sharp while visiting here from Kinderhook died in 1873 at age 74.

William R. Sharp married Carrie Newton and they were the parents of seven children. Carrie taught at one time at the Billings School on the Creek Road. After the death of Richard Sharp in 1916, William R. moved to the Sharp farm and lived there until his death in 1952.

William N. Sharp, son of William R. moved to the place after his death. He had been running the farm since about 1930 with his father. William N. was active in politics in the town, being a Lister and Selectman for 27 years. The fire station at Center Rutland was dedicated in his honor. He also started a milk business in 1930 and it is still operated at this writing. He married Mary LaRock in 1918 and they had six children. William N. died in 1968.

William E. and Robert A. sons of William N. are now operating the farm. In 1974 William E. and wife Frances (Combs) moved into the Sharp farmhouse and are presently living there with Mrs. W.N. Sharp.

From the Campbells down through the Sharps, this covers ten generations in this country, eight of which have lived in Rutland Town. The tenth being Robert A. Sharps children and Carolyn Sharp Fredettes children, a sister who also lives in the Town.

* Mrs. John Eddy of Cold River Rd. whose husband was part owner of Eddy Ice Co. for many years is a sister of William R. Sharp. She is also a resident of Rutland Town.



OLD BILLINGS BRIDGE ON OTTER CREEK MEADOWS Photo by Brehmer

THE BILLINGS FARM Creek Road Rutland, Vermont

The story of the Billings Farm starts way back in the days of unrest because of British oppression, and is of historical interest because the first minister to come to Rutland, and organize a Church, settled on this property.

Benajah Roots, a Princeton graduate of 1754, ordained in Simsbury, Conn. on August 10, 1756, was minister in Simsbury for several years. Some of Rev. Roots doctrines were questioned by members of his parish and in August of 1771, he was dismissed and came to Rutland.

The "ministerial lot" assigned to him was not to his liking, so he purchased 500 acres, 400 included the present Billings farm land, and also 100 acres across the river, paying L 175 for same. Fourteen members met with Mr. Roots in his home on October 20, 1773 to organize the church. The first log meeting house was built near the entrance to Evergreen Cemetery, it being the first Congregational Church in the County, and the second on the west side of the Mountains in the State.

On a portion of the 400 acres, the Rev. Roots built his home, presumably a log cabin, then later a home which he refers to as his "Mansion Home", in the Bond and Will which he wrote before his death. On March 15, 1787, the Rev. Roots died from consumption in his 62nd year, and was buried in the Pleasant Street Cemetery-now in West Rutland.

It was during the Rev. Roots' ministry in Rutland that the Rev. William Emerson of Concord, Mass., grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was serving as a Chaplain in the Army at Fort Ticonderoga. He became ill with camp-fever, and by the physician's advice, applied for a dismissal. This was granted by Gen. Gates, and he started out in hope to reach his Concord home. Arriving in Rutland, too ill to go on, he was received by the Rev. Roots who nursed him zealously. From his sick bed, Mr. Emerson wrote to his wife the following letter: (From the Rev. William Emerson to his wife, written at Rev. Benajah Roots' home in Rutland, now the J. D. Billings farm).

Rutland, Sept 23, '76

"Dear Mrs. Emerson:-

I am now on my way homeward but whether I ever shall reach there is very uncertain. May God give us each a humble acquiescence to his sovereign Will as will bring Honor to God and Comfort to our own Souls. I desire to leave you and our dear little Ones, to a kind and gracious Providence. My dear, strive for Patience, let not a murmuring Thought and sure not a murmuring Word drop from your Lips. Pray against Anxiety, don't distrust God's making Provision for you. He will take care of you and by Ways You could not think of.-I desire to leave you in ye Hands of a Covenant keeping God, and whether he sees fit to restore me to Health or not, I am willing to leave ye Matter with him who

does all Things well.

May ye God of ye Fathers be your God and your dear little Ones whom I would commend to him and rest, your affectionate Husband.

Wm. Emerson''

Taken from "A Chaplain in the Revolution"
by Dr. Emerson before the Mass. Historical Society, 1921

Mr. Emerson died a week or two later. His good host, Rev. Roots, wrote a letter telling of his death "to the Church and people of God in Concord"-and at the end of the letter he wrote that Mr. Emerson was decently interred at this place with honors by a detachment from Col. Vandyke's Regiment, commanded by Major Shippen.

In 1790, the Rev. Emerson's son came and removed his father's body to a local burying ground. Sixty years later the grandson came, but could not locate the grave. It is now believed that Mr. Emerson's grave is next to that of his friend, the Rev. Benajah Roots in Pleasant Street Cemetery, and was so marked by West Rutlanders on Friday, May 3, 1975.

As stated in the Will of the Rev. Roots, the farm eventually became the property of his son Benajah, who proved to be a very good farmer and cleared many acres. In 1790 he purchased 1500 apple trees from Providence, R. I. and set them out on the west hill. It is believed that this large orchard was the first of its size to be set out in Vermont. Some of the species were Bell Flower, Porter, Greening and Spitzenberg. Now, 185 years later, many trees bloom in the spring and a few bear delicious eating apples.

The Rev. Daniel Packer, who had moved to Mt. Holly from Guilford, Vermont, became acquainted with Benajah Roots. He learned that the farm was for sale, so he wrote to his brother-in-law, Avery Billings in Guilford, and advised him to buy it. Billings did so, and in his 34th year, he with his wife and two small sons, Jesse Leeds, and Leeds Avery moved to the Roots Farm. The deed was signed October 12, 1817. Avery Billings paid down \$2000 and was to pay \$3000 in 1820 and \$3000 in 1823.

Mr. Roots continued to live on the farm with Avery Billings, giving advice with a fatherly interest. He put out his stock all the way from the farm to Montreal for \$5.00 a head and a raised calf. He would be gone for a week at a time collecting rents.

Farm produce brought in little money, as can be seen by the following list taken from an old account book kept by Avery, from 1811 on.

½ bu. corn	.35	3 lbs. Cheese	.24
½ bu. potatoes	.17	1-½ lbs. beef	.24
1 lb. butter	.17	6 qts. meal	.12
1 lb. dried beef	.17	1 bbl. cider	.84

Flax and flax seed were also sold. In the same account book is the following bit of interest - "I do agree to work for Avery Billings for \$100.00 a year, to work 'till nine and get up before day."

Times being hard, Avery found it difficult to make farm payments. One day when

Mr. Roots returned home from Montreal, where he often rode on horseback, he said, "Young Billings, I have found a way for you to pay for the farm and make some money. The orchard is in its prime. Use the apples to make cider brandy and sell it in Canada." Avery said he had no money to set up an operation such as that, but Roots said he would help him get started. The orchard was bearing a crop of 5000 bushels yearly. The operation soon began; pulp left in the process was fed to hogs. In 1823 whisky was selling for 10¢ a quart. Six quarts of brandy brought 75¢. In the winter the cider brandy was taken by sled to Whitehall, N.Y. and then it went on the ice to Montreal. In time the mortgage was paid off, and Avery Billings prospered.

Once Avery hired Artemus Pratt to drive 48 hogs to Whitehall, with the understanding he would pay his own stage fare back to Rutland. When the driver told him the fare would be \$1.00 instead of the regular 50¢, because of muddy roads, Pratt said, "It ain't worth it, I'll walk." And he threw the sack of gold over his shoulder and walked the 25 miles.

Turkeys were also driven into Boston from the farm - a hundred or more at a time. At nightfall the turkeys would take to the trees and the drivers would rest on the ground.

Presumably, the Billings family were living in the Mansion House of the Roots' family until 1830 when Avery built a large brick dwelling. The brick was made across the river on or near the present site of the V.A.C. buildings. Many of the brick houses in the area were built from this site.

In 1831, when T.K. Horton built the old covered bridge, always known as the "Billings Bridge", Avery furnished men and timber for same. An old account book in our possession had this record:

The Town of Rutland - To Avery Billings

To one man's, 15 days work at \$1.00 per day	\$15.00
Boarding	3.00
To one man's, 10 days at 4/6 per day	
Board included	14.25
To one man's, 8 days drawing timber at 4/6	6.00
To 924 feet of squared timber at 2¢ per ft.	18.48
To 600 feet at 1¢ per foot	6.00
To 6 days work getting out sleepers	3.00

There are interesting accounts of events which took place at the Bridge, which I'm sure are related elsewhere in the book, under Bridges.

On Hallowe'en of 1951, pranksters burned the bridge (which was not being used temporarily because of needed repairs.) The loss of it was keenly felt by the family and neighbors; it was like an old friend departed.

Avery Billings died in 1860. His son Jesse Leeds was then operating the farm, while his brother, Leeds Avery, owned the next farm north, now owned by Anthony Belock. To help with income, the two brothers set up a cheese factory for in 1873, in another account book it states, "Commenced making cheese today. April 1873 - made one cheese." "E. Burt Sherman put his milk in." There is a long list of names of farmers who brought milk into the factory. They averaged 125 cheeses a month, making what they called "plain" cheese and "sage." It sold for 13¢ a pound, and it must have been a thriving business according to the number of boxes of cheese mailed out.

At some time during the 1880's, the brick house burned down during the bitter cold winter months. The family stayed at the Leeds Billings for a time since just about everything in the house burned, according to a list found in an old account book which

says, "household things destroyed" and a value set on them. Much of the original brick wall remained so it was rebuilt, but this time no fire places were included. The back part of the house is the original of 1830.

Jesse Leeds Billings was a very well-read man who took an active interest in town affairs. He served as selectman and appraiser for years. And he was one of the founders of the Rutland County Agricultural Society (now Rutland Fair), serving for two years as its president, several years the treasurer, and was one of the trustees. He served on the Centennial Committee in 1875. He was a staunch Democrat, frequently addressing public assemblages; an independent and outspoken man on all questions. In 1851 he married Anne Louise Smith, who died in 1853. His second wife was Josephine Briggs of Clarendon and three sons were born to them, namely Jesse Dyer, born in 1861, Seymour and Avery. At the time of their father's death, Jesse Dyer Billings was running the farm. Seymour was with the firm of Pierce & Billings, and Avery was a student at U. V. M.

Jesse Dyer Billings (1861) attended school in the little brick one which was built in 1865, and situated on the corner of the Campbell and Creek Roads. He was a successful farmer, and one of his interests was raising sheep. As many as 1000 could be seen grazing on the hillside among the apple trees. Many a passer-by stopped their vehicles in the spring of the year to watch the baby lambs at play or tagging their mothers.

There is an interesting story of a huge elm tree which stood by itself in the pasture south of the house. It was fondly called the "Old Sentinel" by the family. It seems that in 1775, the British were in camp in the area for three days, and the elm tree was used for target practice; consequently there were lead pieces imbedded in it, and the Billings boys, from Avery Billings' sons down, used to dig out pieces of lead with their knives. The tree measured twenty-one feet in circumference and the largest and longest limb was over 90 feet. This beautiful old tree had been admired for years. In 1921 it was struck by lightning, and for four days a curl of smoke rose many feet high. Finally a rain saved it from utter destruction until 1931 when another severe storm ended its days.

And now we come to the 1930's and Jesse Dyer Billings, Jr. became the operator and eventually the owner of the home farm, and did so for over thirty years, Jesse, Sr. having died in 1934. Jesse, Jr. had married in 1930, and there were four children of this union - Jesse, Katharine, Preston and Harold. Upon graduation from college, Harold and his wife Trudy purchased the farm - and they have three children, so from 1771 to the present time (1975) there were two generations of Roots on the property and the 6th generation of Billings living on it now.

One Sunday in January, 1969, Jesse Billings, Jr. was walking in the pasture west of the house when he stubbed his toe on an object which proved to be a 10 pound cannon ball which had come to the surface with the January thaw. It is thought it could have rolled off the artillery wagon when the British were camping on the farm, and using the old elm tree for target practice. So, finding the cannon ball takes us back again to the days of the revolution, when the history of the Billings Farm all began.

Lillian T. Billings (Mrs. Jesse D., Jr.)

References: History of Rutland County 1886 (H. P. Smith & W. H. Rann)

Massachusetts Historical Society 1921

"A Chaplain of the Revolution" (by Edward Waldo Emerson)

Family records Old Rutland Courriers Old Rutland Heralds

Notes and articles written from research by Mrs. Jesse Billings, Sr.

CENTURY FARMS

In 1951 the Vermont State Farm Bureau instituted a search for Century Farms, i.e., farms that have been held and operated by members of the same family for a hundred years. Many that were eligible did not apply for recognition. Although the Farm Bureau's qualifications may differ somewhat from those of the Bicentennial Committee, a brief search reveals the following farms in Rutland Town to be worthy of the century title.

In view of the unpredictability of Vermont weather, fluctuation of prices, the unrelenting demands of stock care and the countless obstacles that beset the farmer, a hundred years of farming seems like a tremendous accomplishment. We present the following:

The Sharp Family Farm

Mary D. Baird's Farm

The Billings Farm

The Thomas Farm (received
award in 1963)

The M. E. Hawley Farm

The Kellogg Farm

The Williams Farm

* If we have overlooked any others, we would welcome information about them as a contribution to our Bicentennial File in the Rutland Town Elementary School Library.

THE HAWLEY FARM

Joseph Kimball, an early Rutland Town settler, made his home on what is now known as the Hawley Farm located on Post Road about a mile and a quarter east of Route 7 in Mill Village.

At the time Kimball settled, Post Road was known as Road 24. The farm entered the Hawley family when Kimball's daughter Betsy married Abijah Hawley and they made their home on the farm sometime in the late 1700's. Abijah was father to Andrew Hawley who was born in 1812. Andrew later married Catherine Felch and they settled as the second generation of Hawley's on the farm. Andrew had a son Ira who married Delia Davis. They in turn settled as the third generation on the farm.

In 1894 the original Hawley farm was completely destroyed by fire when a lantern in the barn was accidentally knocked from its' nail, causing the fire.

A new set of buildings was constructed with the house built on the original foundation. Ira's son Arthur Hawley and his second wife, Lucretia VonFintell, moved into the new farmstead as newlyweds in 1910 before its completion.

In 1943, Arthur's youngest son Maurice married Esther Taylor. They settled in the second floor apartment of the farm house where they still reside. Their two daughters, Judy and Carol are the sixth generation of Hawley's on the farm.

Written by Carol Hawley

References: Family Bible and records
Childs Directory 1881 - 82

REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIERS BURIED IN RUTLAND TOWN, VT.

Graves located and marked by Ann Story Chapter, DAR, Rutland, Vt.

EVERGREEN CEMETERY

1. ARNOLD, OLIVER b. 1744 - d. 1831
Service: Private in the Vt. Militia
2. FARMER, BENJAMIN b. 1764 - d. 1840
Service: Private in Capt. John Minet's Co., Col. Dike's Regt- Mass. Service
3. GREENO, DANIEL b. 1755 - d. 1810
Service: Served in the Battle of Bennington
4. GORHAM, SETH b. 1762 - d. 1852
Service: Was a private in the Conn. State Troops - Pensioned Mar. 4, 1831
5. GOVE, CAPT. NATHANIEL b. 1756 - d. 1813
Service: Sergt at the Lexington Alarm and served as Lt. in Capt. Belcher's Co. 8th Conn. Regt.
6. MEAD, ABNER b. 1756 - d. 1813
Service: In Capt. Simeon Wright's Co. in Col. Warren's Regt of Militia - and other services - Vt.
7. MEAD, COL. JAMES b. 1730 - d. 1804
Service: Served as Col. of the 3rd Regt of Vt. Militia throughout the War
8. POST, SIMEON b. 1753 - d. 1841
Service: Private and Sergt. in the Conn. Cont'l line. Pensioned
9. REYNOLTD, LT. JONATHAN b. 1740 - d. 1840
Service: Commissioned 2nd Lt. under Capt. Bartholomew Barrett and Col. Peter Van Ness 1775 to end of War N.Y. Service
10. WHEELOCK, ELEAZER b. 1756 - d. 1841
Service: Several enlistments. In Capt. Sam'l Williams Co. of Militia and Col. Ebenezer Allen's Regt on several alarms. Also enlisted as a private at Westborough, Mass. in 1775 serving under Capt. Thomas Wheelock and Col. Ward of Mass. for 8 months

REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIERS BURIED IN RUTLAND TOWN, VT.

Graves located and marked by Ann Story Chapter, DAR, Rutland, Vt.

OLD CENTER RUTLAND CEMETERY

BATEMAN, CORP. JOSEPH b. 1759 - d. 1843

Service: Corp. in Capt. Bemis Co., Col. Chapins Regt. Mass. Service

SULLINGS, JOHN b. 1743 - d. circa 1821

Service: Sergt in Mass. Continental Line. Rec'd Pension

BOWKER, CAPT. JOSEPH b. 1725 - d. 1784

Service: Was Commissary of Purchases; also on Committee of War and other civilian services. Served from Vermont.

CHENEY HILL CEMETERY

CHENEY, CAPT. BENJAMIN b. 1763 - d. 1850

Service: Was in "Rowley's Contingent" mustered into service Mar. 1, 1781
Rec'd Pension in 1818

NOTE: There are probably other revolutionary soldiers buried in Evergreen Cemetery whose graves we have not as yet located - When this Cemetery was opened circa 1860 or before, many of the bodies (or at least the tombstones) were moved from the older cemeteries in Rutland and placed in the new cemetery. Hence we are continuing to find Rev. soldiers buried in Evergreen.

Mrs. Alton Swan kindly sent this list that she uses for the Ann Story Chapter of the D.A.R.

This was sent of our Postmaster, Mr. Richard Flory, and he made this copy for us.

Bertha Davidson

THE STORY OF DANIEL GREENO

Daniel Greeno was a veteran of the Revolutionary War and an early settler of Rutland Town. He came to Rutland from Boston, Mass. purchasing land in the northeastern part of the township. The title to his land proved defective, however and he then purchased a tract of land which embraced the present Gallipo property on North Grove St. and more which we are not able to document at this time. The original farm consisted of nearly a thousand acres. Both Mr. and Mrs. Greeno were in Bennington for the Battle in 1777. He fought with the Green Mountain Boys and she stayed for several weeks to care for the wounded.

Mr. Greeno built his first frame house in 1795. He kept a tavern there for many years. * The original farmhouse was reportedly the present home of the Nicholas Denardo family. He was the father of ten children, eight boys and two girls.

It was Amasa, one of his sons born in 1792, who next occupied the homestead. He married Betsy Farmer in 1814, daughter of Benjamin Farmer, who was also a Revolutionary soldier, neighbor, and early settler of Rutland Town. Of the four children born to Betsy and Amasa, two boys, two girls; it was their two sons Amasa A. and Benjamin who next assumed ownership of the farm. They were ages 33 years and 27 years at the time of their fathers death in 1848.

Following the death of Daniel Greeno some tracts of land were sold and others purchased so that the estate of Amasa A. and Benjamin comprised 600 acres of excellent farming lands.

(We do not have sufficient knowledge of the property transactions and sale of lands but the dwelling house of Benjamin Greeno shown in a detailed drawing in the Illustrated Atlas of the State of Vermont, 1876 page 75 (Vt. Room, Rutland Free Library) is the residence now occupied by Earl Fox on the Fred Gallipo Farm).

The two brothers never legally divided the land between them but each worked a certain portion. They brought the farm into a high state of cultivation. It was considered one of the most valuable and attractive rural homesteads in the county. Amasa A. never married. Benjamin was married Oct. 18, 1848 to Sarah Cheney, daughter of Benjamin Cheney, a prominent settler in the town. He is reported to have married a second time. There were no children from either marriage. Benjamin was active in town affairs, holding the office of Justice of the Peace and Lister. In later years he signed a note with another person and when the other party was unable to pay his debt, Mr. Greeno lost his farm. One can only guess at the heartbreak of losing the land that he and his brother had brought to such productivity. He died a poor man. The farm was sold to John Crampton, then later to Merritt Thomas. Ownership then passed to Edward Fox in 1904, the Creed family and lastly to Fred Gallipo, the present owner.

Sources:

Information from a paper written by Katherine Fox, 1940 "History of Rutland County"

Child's Directory, 1881 - 1882

Illustrated Atlas of the State of Vermont, H.W. Burgettand Co. Pub. 1876

EAST CREEK

The largest watercourse in the Town of Rutland is Otter Creek (Peconktuk) the Waubanakee word for "Crooked River." This historic waterway rises in the Danby-Mt. Tabor area and flows northerly its entire length to enter Lake Champlain below Vergennes.

Presumably some early voyager noted a side tributary entering Otter Creek from the East near Dorr Bridge and bestowed upon this stream the prosaic name "East Creek". No doubt the Indians called this by a more euphonious name probably lost forever. Little Otter Creek in Ferrisburg was called Wanakaketuk and Lewis Creek an effortless Sung-ahneetuk. There is another East Creek in Orwell. Since the first recorded white man to visit these parts was accompanied by twelve Caughnawaga Indians why not rechristen our misnamed stream Caughnawaga Creek? Would not a tale of a large catch of trout become more invested with glory when it was divulged that they were caught in "The Caughnawaga"?

One branch of this stream rises in the Town of Chittenden and drains the area which feeds the Chittenden Dam. During the great flood of 1927 Chittenden Dam held this branch in obedience saving the down-river towns from great damage. However in 1947 the "flashboards" on this dam broke sending a great flood of water into East Pittsford Pond alias "Meadow Lake". This in turn collapsed sending a veritable wall of water into Rutland Town and City. While 1500 people ran for their lives other hundreds cringed before its fury. This branch joins another which rises in the Wheelerville area and supplies the City of Rutland. This branch is commonly known as Mendon Brook.

The confluence of these two main branches is in the northeastern part of Rutland Town, a short distance above Glen Dam which is piped to Glen Station in Mill Village. This in turn empties into Patches Dam just above the "76" bridge.

Countless grist, saw, carding, shingle and clapboard mills have been built on East Creek. They are now completely a thing of the past and a few flood-ravaged foundations stand as mute evidence of past dreams, successes or failures. (A mill was once planned and a dam built near the mouth of Tenney Brook near Crescent St.. When the gate was closed and the pond filled the dam collapsed thus changing a dream into a nightmare.) Around 1877 the grist and sawmill in Mill Village burned. Before the holocaust was finished buildings were burned as far as North St. in Rutland City. A sidelight of this fire; the horse-drawn fire engines became stuck in the mud on North Main St. in front of the present Swards Dairy.

The coming of hydro-electric power changed the picture of this stream. With the construction of Patch's Dam in the early 1920's the last grist rumbled through the mill in Mill Village and the whine of the circular saw run by water power echoed into oblivion. However many of the landowners along the stream received an impetus to their economy when "the Company" bought the water rights.

Before the larger dams were built there were ice jams in the spring. On one occasion the Chittenden Stage and driver were hit by a cake of ice and capsized near Mill Village. The driver contracted pneumonia and died. A jam once changed the course of the stream from west of the present State Police Barracks to its present course.

Besides a vast amount of hydraulic energy this stream has provided a rich bounty of fish. First, native trout followed by stocked rainbow and brown. From the pristine headwaters to Otter Creek fish have been and still are plentiful. The largest "unofficial" wild native was a five and one-fourth pound monster caught near the covered bridge in Mill Village by a "Mr. Brown" many years ago. How many priceless hours have been spent on this stream by the followers of Isaac Walton-from a small boy's first dace to the fly fisherman's big one that did not get away!

A few Ole Swimmin' Holes still exist.

Another contribution which should not be overlooked is the annual fur harvest which this creek accounts for. Many school boys have had their first lessons of running a business of their own and learned the value of a dollar, while many adults have helped fill the larder with money derived from the pelts of mink, muskrat, raccoon, beaver and the otter taken along this stream.

So from a plunging, pristine mountain river East Creek has been pretty well tamed by dams and civilization, but as long as water falls from the sky and runs downhill it will be here and there will always be some vestige of its bygone splendor.

written by Donald V. Russell

Sources of Information:

Indian Names, Rowland Robinson

Rutland Herald Clippings - "Old Mill" May 20, 1925

Child's Directory 1881 - 82

Family stories and records

THE KELLOGG FARMHOUSE ON ROUTE #7

The Kellogg house as it stands today is believed to have been built in three stages. The back shed which connects to the present garage was probably the original farmhouse, built in the very early 1800's. A two-story building, dating back to at least 1834, was later built nearer the road, with a one-story section connecting it to the original house. In 1937, a second story was added to the middle section, creating a full-sized apartment upstairs.

At one time, stately elms graced the front yard. Sheep, cows, and chickens were raised on the farm over the years, but recently it became necessary to tear down the old barn buildings.

The first owner of the house and farm was James A. Cheney for whom Cheney Hill and Cheney Woods are named. After the death of his wife, James Cheney married Caroline Kellogg. Caroline's son Joseph Kellogg, was eleven years old when he came here to live with his mother and stepfather. It is through Joseph and his descendants that the farm has stayed in the Kellogg family to this day.

written by Edith Kellogg
(Mrs. John Kellogg)

THOMAS DAIRY

Thomas Dairy, a retail-wholesale milk business located on Route 7 North in Rutland Town, was started in 1921 by the late Orin A. Thomas, Sr. Previous to this time as with many other local farmers, Mr. Thomas sold his milk to Brigham's Milk Plant on South Main Street, which in turn shipped it to Boston.

Over the years many changes in the handling of milk have led to improvements in the quality and flavor. Pasteurization, begun in 1931, and homogenization, first offered in 1947, were accompanied by better methods of cooling, bottling, and refrigeration. A quart of milk cost ten cents in 1921; today it sells for thirty-nine cents.

First introduced in 1952, the quart carton has completely replaced the glass bottle. At the present time, in addition to the quart carton, one-half gallon and plastic gallon jugs have helped to meet the increased demand for milk.

Because this business has grown from one very small route to six retail and two wholesale routes, it has been necessary to increase the amount of land needed to feed a larger herd of cattle. At the present time the farm includes approximately six hundred acres of land and two hundred fifty registered Holstein cows.

Every-day deliveries to the customer were replaced by every-other-day deliveries during World War II. A schedule of no Sunday deliveries started in 1954 now includes on deliveries on Wednesdays.

The flood of 1947, resulting from heavy rains and East Pittsford Dam crumbling, caused much inconvenience, and a serious fire in 1956 destroyed a barn containing a large amount of farm machinery. But the most disastrous misfortune occurred in April 1968 when fire ravaged the main cattle barn. Although only one cow died as eighty-nine others were led to safety, it was not until nearly a year later that this stanchion type building had been replaced by a three hundred ten foot free-stall structure and milking parlor, providing for the housing, and milking of more cattle with less labor.

Mr. Thomas was the third generation of his family to farm at the same location, continuing in the same occupation as his father, Merritt L., and his grandfather, Orin, who purchased the land in 1854. Today the farm and milk business, incorporated in 1947, are operated by four of Mr. Thomas' sons, Paul, Richard, Sr., Merritt, and William. Among the sixteen full-time employees, are two grandsons and one grandson-in-law.

May 1975

written by Margaret Thomas
(Mrs. Paul Thomas)

RUTLAND CHEESE FACTORY

For a certain period of time in Rutland, on what is now Cedar Avenue, there was a cheese manufacturing operation in existence. It was in operation in 1869, and how much sooner it is not certain. In 1880 the Rutland Cheese Factory used 1,276,422 lbs. of milk from 450 cows to make 133,067 lbs. of cheese. It took 9 lbs. of milk to make 1 pound of cheese. The cheese was sold for an average of 8 cents per pound.

In 1880 the cheese making season started on April 4 and ended November 14.

The capital invested was estimated to be 3,000 dollars. There were three employees, two males above 15 years, and one female above 15 years. Some of these were perhaps on a part-time basis. A total of \$320 was paid out in wages for the season.

In 1881-82 the business was operated by the Marks Bros., Charles and Carlton, with Charles being the cheesemaker.

In 1887-88 Charles was still cheesemaker.

In 1889, on Dec. 28 a deed was executed by Elizabeth Johnson, Horace E Colburn and Emily E. Colburn transferring the property to the "Rutland Cheese Factory Co. of 1889."

This may be about the time that Charles Marks moved to the Rutland Creamery at 57 West St. where he was listed in 1891-92.

In the times covered by the operation of this cheese factory cows were not commonly milked during the winter barn season, and milk production was not developed to the extent current at the present time.

On Sept. 3, 1895 the real estate and water rights for the Rutland Cheese Factory of 1889 were deeded back to Horace E. Colburn. The deed stated that the building had been destroyed by fire. This transfer was not received until May 2, 1898.

References:

written by Donald Swan

Census Records, Rutland County, 1880, on micro-film, Rutland Free Library

Gazetteer & Business Directory of Rutland County, Vt., 1881-82

Compiled and published by Hamilton Child

Pelton's Directory, Compiled by George E. Pelton, Pelton Printing Co., Rutland, Vt.

Rutland Directory, 1891-92, Compiled by R.S. Dillon & Co., Pub. Tuttle

Property Transfer Records, City Clerks Office, Rutland, Vt.

Beer's Atlas for Rutland County, Vt. Pub. 1869-1969, C. Tuttle Co.

NOTE: A drawing of the cheese factory building is shown on page 75, Illustrated Atlas of the State of Vermont, Burgett & Co. 1876 (Vermont Room, Rutland Free Library)

THE HISTORY OF THE DAVIS FARM AND FAMILY

In September 1874, Edgar and Charlotte Kelley Davis, with her father and mother bought the Barnes farm of about 85 acres on the Pittsford road, from Mr. Spooner and moved there from the Baxter farm on the Creek road. Mr. Davis was the youngest of the sons of Hiram and Anna Hubble Davis of Pittsford. Mrs. Davis was the only child of Alonzo and Clarrissa Spring Kelley of Clarendon.

At the time of the move to the Barnes farm, Mr. and Mrs. Davis had two children: Agnes Louise age eleven years and a son Guert Alonzo, age seven and one-half years. They both began school in the brick school-house on the Creek Road just south of the Baxter farm. After the move they both attended the near-by Mill Village district school; then Agnes went on to Castleton Normal School and Guert went to Black River Academy in Ludlow until his father decided he was learning too much not from books. (Paul Harris, the founder of Rotary and Calvin Coolidge attended Black River Academy at this time.) He then sent Guert to Troy Conference Academy in Poultney where he did a little better.

As adjacent lands to the farm were made available for purchase the Kelley-Davis family purchased them until they owned about 144 acres. They were quite successful farmers with a small dairy and a flock of sheep.

In June 1880 Alonzo Kelley died and in 1887 his widow Clarrissa passed away.

During these early years many changes and improvements were made on the farm. An addition of sixty feet was added to the north end of the cow barn; the sheep barn was moved from the west side of the road and attached to the east end of the horse barn and the west end of a small barn connecting all to the cow barn. This gave good protection to the farm yard from the north-west winds. The spring water was piped across the road to the house and barns. The cistern was discontinued; a bathroom was built in where a pantry and cistern pump room had been. Sometime in the 1890's a hot air furnace was installed in the cellar to take the place of wood heating stoves and two fireplaces.

In 1896 there was growing friction in the community over the location of a Chapel which all felt the need of. To put an end to this feeling, Mr. and Mrs. Davis gave the parcel of land where the Mill Village Chapel now stands.

In the late 1890's Guert started a retail milk route in the City of Rutland delivering milk to the homes in cans. Each customer had her milk pans set out for him to measure the milk into with his tin quart cup. After a few years he decided to deliver milk in glass bottles, being one of the first, if not the first, milk peddler to do so in Rutland. He had many problems with his competitors the worst of which was the smashing of his bottles. The housewives liked the bottles.

About this time he built a creamery with heavy iron basin sinks for washing the bottles and the milk pails, which were sterilized with live steam produced by a boiler fired by wood and later coal. This method was used until he sold his retail business in the 1920's. Another process he was very particular about was to cool the milk as quickly after it was milked from the cow and as rapidly as possible. This necessitated the

harvesting of large quantities of ice in January and February. Then quantities of sawdust to preserve the ice had to be hauled by team from the sawmills. Sometimes a man and team would be gone all day for just one load, going back on the Bark Hill and the Turnpike Road or into Chittenden where-ever sawdust was available.

In 1893 Edgar Davis and members of the School Board hired Della Farwell of Poultney and a graduate of Castleton Normal School, to teach in Mill Village School. She came to board and room with the Davis family. Her teaching time was short because of two deaths in her home in two weeks, so she had to return home.

On March 28, 1900, Guert Davis married Della Farwell and they immediately began housekeeping in the house he built the previous fall and winter just south of the brick house.

In 1902 a telephone, only the third in this end of town, was installed in the Edgar Davis home.

In February 1903, Mary Charlotte was born to Guert and Della. This was a very happy event.

In August 1903 everybody's nerves were set on edge by a horse theft. His name was Rufus Young. He did the job of taking the horses for a man in Ware, Massachusetts who had other men spotting horses that would sell well as driving horses in the cities.

One summer night the family dog was very disturbed and barked a great deal, always looking down the road toward the cedar covered bank across from the Chapel. That night this Mr. Young, it was proven afterward, came to the barn and took the ladies driving horse, which was occasionally used on the milk cart. Edgar Davis contacted Sheriff Peabody and work was started to pick up the trail. It was many weeks later that the first evidence was found. A light lap robe was found with a name on it, then later a whip with a store name on it. One day a young boy, maybe twelve years old, talked with some of Sheriff Peabody's men and said something about a man driving a black horse. They knew then they were on the trail. All this was in Weston and Londonderry area. Then someone saw a span of chestnuts being driven south in Arlington.

One day it was learned that a man from Ware, Mass. spent his summer vacations at a home on N. Main St. in Rutland. From him it was learned there was a large livery stable in Ware. Sheriff Peabody asked this man if he thought the operator of this stable would deal in stolen horses. He told him, he might. The next day Edgar Davis and Sheriff Peabody started for Ware. When they arrived at the stable they said they were looking for a good driving horse that would be safe for women to drive. The operator brought out "Old Doll" all polished and shining even to her hoofs. She recognized Mr. Davis so he spoke to her and she whinnied. The operator said "You know this horse?" Mr. Davis said, "Yes, this is my horse."

Old Doll came home and in three nights the men were after her again, this time wrapping her feet in bran sacks. But when they opened the carriage house door, a bell that had been hung on a coiled wire on the inside of the door gave them away. Agnes awoke and called down the stairs to her father and the hired man awoke, grabbed his shot-gun and ran for the door. They didn't get far with the horse. The next morning there were tracks found in the mud under the bedroom windows downstairs where someone had been listening and waiting. The span of chestnuts seen in Arlington proved to belong to a man in Middlebury. Somewhere, Rufus Young was shot in the back as he was fleeing from the officers of the law. His body was buried in the Potter's Field back of the Old House of Correction, now gone, that stood at the corner of State St. and Pierpoint Ave.

In August 1904, Edgar Farwell was born to Guert and Della and on Oct. 12, 1904 Agnes Davis and John Pond were married. They moved to the John Cramton Farm in the southern part of Rutland Town, where they worked for about two and a half years. At this time Edgar Davis' health was beginning to fail and very soon Agnes and John moved back to help out. On June 6, 1908 Edgar Davis died. Now Mrs. Davis held the reins. She decided that the brick house was too large for her, Agnes and John, so she told Guert and Della that they should take the brick house and she with Agnes and John would take the smaller house. The change was made in September 1908. On March 6, 1903, Charlotte and Edgar Davis bought another farm known as the Engrem farm which was across the road from what is now the Central Vermont Public Service Corp. power station. This farm was deeded to Agnes and John Pond, April 1, 1906. Guert Davis and John Pond operated the two farms in a partnership for a few years, then it was dissolved and each had his own farm with dairy and John Pond had his sheep.

In May 1909 Robert Fifield was born to Guert and Della. In the following decade many changes took place. The creamery was moved to the south end of the cow barn, a milking machine was installed, run by a small gasoline engine; then a home electric plant with lights for the houses and barns was installed. The batteries were charged by the same little engine that ran the milking machine. A silo was built, much to the consternation of nearby farmers and new machinery was purchased for raising and harvesting corn silage.

In 1918 Guert was persuaded by many of the townsmen to represent the town in the legislature. He was always active in town affairs and hated to see the town get in debt or be used for anyone's personal gain.

Then came the pressure for him to be a director and local representative for the Eastern States Farmers Exchange Cooperative. This he held until about 1938, when failing health made it necessary for him to resign.

Just prior to the Bank Holiday in 1929, which was the beginning of the Great Depression of the 1930's, Guert bought the George Cramton Farm on the Chittenden Road. This multiplied his financial problems and added to pressures that lead to his stroke and gradual failing health.

Nov. 5, 1930-Agnes Davis Pond passed away.

Nov. 24, 1932, Guert Davis suffered a stroke which greatly hampered him for the rest of his life. He was always interested in new and better ways of farming and helping the less fortunate. Mrs. Della Davis died Aug. 10, 1942 and on Aug. 19, 1942 Guert Davis passed away. They had lived a most harmonious married life for forty-two years. May 14, 1943, Edgar F. Davis died in a tractor accident on the farm. Nov. 17, 1943, John Pond died suddenly. Robert F. Davis married Elsie Sunde June 25, 1932. Robert died very suddenly Feb. 16, 1965 leaving his wife, a daughter Merlyn D. Johnson and her husband Dr. Lyman W. Johnson; two granddaughters, Holly and Cynthia Johnson; a son Ralph Robert, Walnut Creek, Calif. and a grandson Todd Kelley Davis.

Mary Charlotte Davis married Clark Rufus Baird, May 25, 1937. Clark died Nov. 20, 1948. Their children are: Charles Guert Baird married to Carol L. Fisher; and Charlotte Berdella Fenton, divorced, with two sons: Christopher Paul Fenton and David Clark Fenton.

Mary D. Baird still lives on the home place which has been in the family over 100 years, and in the house that was built in 1836 by William Barnes, who at the time he sold his property moved to the state of Washington.

HOW THE TOWN WAS NAMED

"Rutland, the shire town of Rutland County was granted a charter September 7, 1761 by Governor Benning Wentworth to Col. Josiah Willard of Winchester, New Hampshire.

The first named grantee of the charter was John Murray, an influential citizen of Rutland, Mass. and without doubt he gave the name to the township, although he nor anyone of the other grantees ever settled within its limits. Murray sold his right in Rutland - about 350 acres - for two shillings or at the rate of ten acres for one cent."

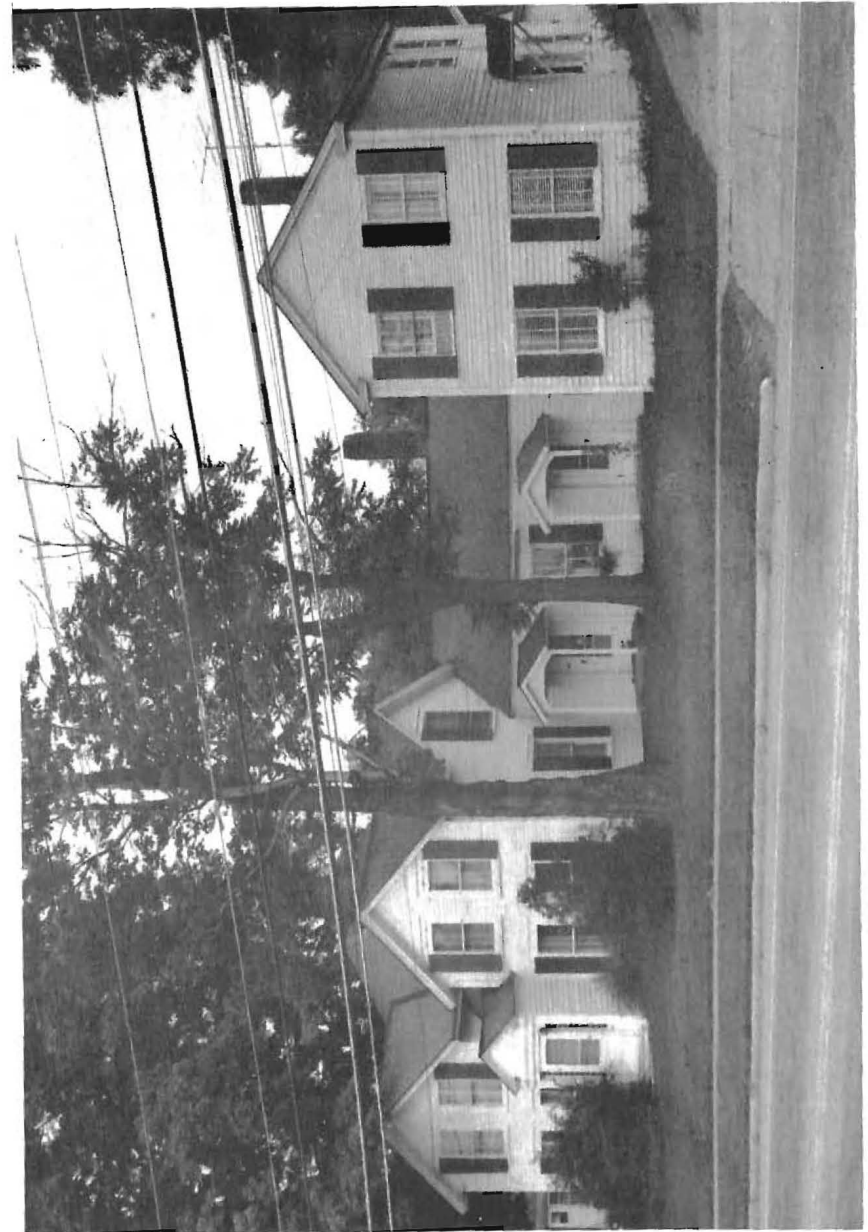
THREE TOWNS FROM ONE

"In the year 1886 residents of the western part of the town of Rutland asked the General Assembly to set them off as a town by themselves. A similar request was made by citizens of the northern part of the town. The Legislature on November 19, 1886 set off and incorporated as the town of West Rutland about one-third of the town of Rutland on the west side. By an act approved November 18, 1886 they set off from the north portion some six square miles which together with a small amount taken from the town of Pittsford was incorporated as the town of Proctor."

WHEN THE CITY AND TOWN SEPARATED

The city of Rutland was incorporated November 19, 1892. It comprises the original village of Rutland, which the city succeeds, together with about as much more territory taken from the town of Rutland outside the village limits. The city contains about eight and one-quarter square miles. The greatest distances are north and south three and one tenth miles and east and west three and one-tenth miles. The remainder of the original Town of Rutland extends all around the city varying in width from one-quarter to two and one-half miles."

Historical Rutland - written and compiled by Rev. F.E. Davison
Phil Brehmer, Rutland, Vt.
The Tuttle Co. printers



When the boundary lines were adjusted and readjusted following the separation of Rutland City and Rutland Town in 1893, the present home of John and Bertha (Morehouse) Davidson was one of the buildings which went from Town to City and back to Town again without leaving its foundation.
Photo by Warren Davidson



RUTLAND TOWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Built and dedicated 1967. This new Central school superceded all the small schoolhouses located at various points in the Town.

PAGE FROM THE RUTLAND TOWN REPORT 1893

The following shows a list of the school districts just prior to the separation of the Town and City.

Submitted by Mary D. Baird

TOWN SCHOOL STATISTICS, 1892-1893.

SCHOOL DISTRICT.	PRUDENTIAL COMMITTEE.	PRESENT TEACHER.	SEATING SPACE.	PRESENT ENROLMENT.	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.	REMARKS.
Chaffee Dist. No. 1	Messrs. Chaffee, Crowley and Clark.	Miss Mary E. Kingsley..	50	35	29	New desks, Stationery, Text Books. Stationery, Text Books. New Desks, Blackboards, Maps, Chart.
Dyer " " 2	Messrs. Dyer, Woodruff and Congdon.	" Nellie Crowley.... " Jennie B. Hart.	50 32	35 33	28 26	
North St. " " 3	Messrs. Edson, Pratt and Dunklee.	Mr. John Davis..... Miss Emma Pierce (ass't)	50	50	43	
Lester " " 4	H. E. Colburn.	" Bertha Dexter.....	40	34	20	Chart.
Post " " 5	W. C. Davis.	" Hattie Gibson.....	32	18	17	
C. Rutland " " 11	P. H. Barrett.	" Elizabeth Smith....	24	20	15	Maps, Blackboards. Maps, Blackboards. Blackboards. Blackboards. Chart, Dictionary. Blackboards, Chart.
		" Mary F. Meldon....	40	33	30	
		" Lizzie McDonald...	40	27	24	
		" Maggie Callahan...	40	23	20	
		" Kate Lamb.....	40	50	38	
		" Caddie Sleeper.....	28	10	8	
Billings " " 12	H. H. Stratton.	" Edith M. Jackson..	16	7	4	
Pennock " " 13	A. L. Gillam.	" Grace Estabrook...	24	13	9	
Hayti " " 15	H. E. Seward.	" Sue Brown.....	30	13	11	
Mill Village " " 16	B. F. Farmer.					
			536	401	322	

RUTLAND TOWN SCHOOLS 1892 - 1893

The preceding page is taken from the 1893 Rutland Town Report. It lists ten school districts. The separation of Rutland City and Rutland Town Schools that year left seven in the town, namely District 2, 4, 5, 12, 13, 15, 16. The new city boundaries of 1893 embraced Chaffee (Dist. 1) North Street (Dist. 3) and Center Rutland (Dist. 11). The city's acquisition of Center Rutland School represented such an excessive loss to the Town that it was returned and boundary lines resurveyed.

The following is a brief collection of information regarding the Rutland Town School system. There were only four of the original districts in existence prior to the opening of the new Elementary School in 1967.

Dist. 2 - Dyer - Located south of the city on the east side of Rt. 7 just below the Cold River Road turn. Under a W.P.A. project, a room was added in 1938 - 39. The Town paid \$300 for the lot July 18, 1871. In 1967 it was sold to the Sun Oil Co. for the amount of \$72,000. The building was torn down and a gas station now stands on the site.

Dist. 4 - Lester (Cheney Hill) - There have been three Cheney Hill School sites. The building at the foot of Rt. 7 now owned by Mary Lewis was the second site. The first was on the opposite side of the road just south of the house on the corner. In 1941 a new building was built on Cedar Ave. which was occupied until 1967 when the new Elementary School on Post Road was built. It is still owned by Rutland Town and has undergone recent repairs in anticipation of a Kindergarten.

Dist. 5 - Post (sometimes called Blake School) - Is located on the west side of the road at the intersection of Park Lane and Reservoir Road. A very old school it closed in 1949 and was sold. It is now undergoing an extensive remodeling as a private dwelling.

Dist. 11 - Center Rutland (see photo of first school located on left of present Town Hall site.) - When the Town and City separated in 1893 the new boundaries put the first Center Rutland School inside the City lines. The City managed the school, "modified somewhat in favor of the town" until July 1, 1895. At that time the Legislature set back a part of the City to the Town again. An agreeable financial settlement was reached. In 1897 the School report notes an "unhealthy lack of ventilation in the school". In January 1908 the first school burned. The Town purchased a lot adjoining the old site from Vermont Marble Co. for \$250.00. A store had formerly stood there.

The new school was practically ready in October 1908 when a fire of suspicious origin caused severe damage to the building. Classes that had been meeting in a barn found occupancy of the new school further delayed. On January 4, 1909 the new school opened. The insurance company refused to insure after the second fire because no measures had been taken to prevent further arson. A Pinkerton detective from New York spent two months investigating at a cost of \$430.00 to the Town. He uncovered no evidence. It was the largest of all the town schools with four classrooms on one floor and the Town Hall below. It remained in use until 1967, the opening of RTES. When the new Elementary

School became crowded it was again used briefly for classes. The upper floor has been remodeled for use as Town Offices. The Hall is still used as a polling place.

Dist. 12 - Billings - This brick building is on land originally part of the Barker Crampton property. Located on the corner of Campbell Road and Creek Road it is now the private dwelling of Anthony Belock. It closed as a school in 1906 and was built 1865.

Dist. 13 - Pennock (Curtis, Pinney) - This school was located in the Sand Hill area of the Chittenden Road on the north side just south of property of Paul Whittemore. We know that classes were held up to 1904. The building is gone.

Dist. 15 - Hayti (now spelled Haiti) - Located on the south side of Route 4 just below intersection of Post Road Extension and Route 4. This site was purchased by Rutland Town for a school in 1821. It burned in the early Winter of 1903 and a new school was built in 1904 to replace the old one on the same site. Haiti was featured in the Fall issue 1947 of Vermont Life. It closed as a school in 1967 and is now rented by the Town to A.C.F. Precision Surveys Inc.

Dist. 16 - Mill Village (Glen Mills) - An 1869 Atlas of Rutland Town shows the Mill Village School on the north side of McKinley Ave. just beyond the bridge on land now occupied by Ted Hende's garage. The Mill-Pond dam below the bridge reportedly made the water 12 feet deep next to the schoolyard. The second school was built on the south side of McKinley Ave. at the foot of the hill. This school was closed and sold in 1949. It is now owned by Mrs. Philip Quirk and adjoins her property.

Information from old Rutland Town Reports, Town Bicentennial Committee members and Edmund Sargent.



HAITI SCHOOL



MILL VILLAGE SCHOOL

THE POST ROAD SCHOOL 1919

In September of 1919 I started my first year of school in the Post Road School. This was a one-room schoolhouse where approximately 30 children in grades from first through eight were taught Spelling, Writing, Reading, History and Arithmetic by one teacher, Miss Agnes Sargent. Every morning we would salute the American flag and sing this little song:

"Good morning to you
Good morning to you
We're all in our places
With bright, smiling faces
And this is the way
To start a new day."

There was no running water for drinking purposes in the school so every Monday morning Miss Sargent would select pupils to get fresh water every day for the week. They would take a pail to a nearby farmhouse, fill it with fresh, spring water and take it back to the schoolhouse where it was then emptied into a tank.

One morning in February a snowstorm started and grew worse during the forenoon. By noon the wind was blowing hard and the snow was beginning to drift in the road. By middle afternoon the storm was severe, and having no telephone in the schoolhouse Miss Sargent sent one of the bigger boys to his home nearby to telephone for help in getting the children home. Arthur Hawley hitched a pair of big horses to a pair of long sleds and drove to the schoolhouse. All the schoolchildren and the teacher were put on the sleds, the small children being wrapped in heavy blankets which Mr. Hawley had taken with him. Each child was taken to its home and Miss Sargent was taken to a large home in the neighborhood and given a hot, homecooked supper and kept overnight.

written by Verna Hawley Sprague



DIST. 5 POST SCHOOL - mid 1800's

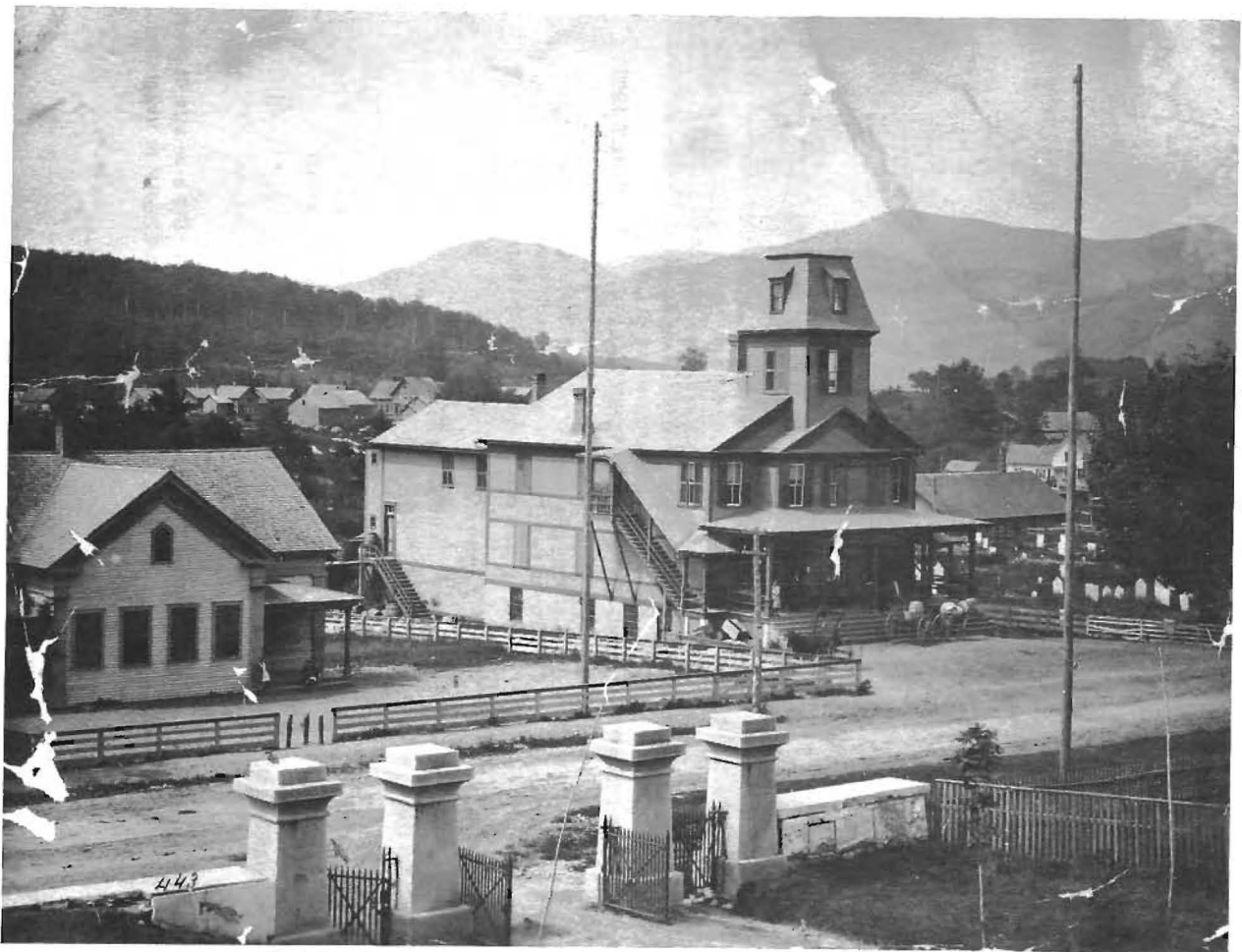
Photo from J. May Davis



Agnes Sargent on steps

POST SCHOOL - 1940's

Photo loaned from J. May Davis





CENTER RUTLAND SCHOOL AND TOWN HALL

BUILT 1908

Previous Page: **OLD CENTER RUTLAND SCHOOL** at far left. Store on site of present **TOWN HALL**. Entrance to **EVERGREEN CEMETERY** in foreground.

Rutland Herald, May 30, 1955

THIS I SAW

To the Editor of The Herald: As I entered Evergreen Cemetery Friday afternoon I saw a very large number of boys and girls coming over the rise at my left. There must have been 100 or more, walking rapidly but quietly, some carrying a lilac, some a small flag. They were led by three big boys, one with a large American flag, another with a light blue flag and the third carrying a bugle. They stepped quickly, but quietly. There was no fooling or roughhousing. Straight across the cemetery they went, to the far right, following the road, not walking on the graves.

While I waited for them to pass, I saw them turn at right angles, directed by two women, and on down the road to a place where they formed a large square group. I followed along, wondering, and asked the last two boys, "What is this?"

"It's the Center Rutland School" he said, "We come every year. Nobody ever goes to the Potter's Field so we come every year."

After what seemed from my distance to be a short ceremony, I heard taps.

Then quietly and quickly they walked back the way they had come, leaving me deeply impressed.

FLORENCE R. SAWYER



Scenes from one of the many programs that took place in the Town Hall. Teachers are Samuel Cotrupi (standing) Doris Geno (at piano). Pictures taken in 1962.

READ AT DEDICATION EXERCISES OF NEW CHENEY HILL SCHOOL

December 11, 1941

written by Pauline Lester Williams

I expect most of you here, do not know that our old school house used to stand on the opposite side of the road, just south of the new house on the corner. In those good old times school kept six instead of five days. Why, it was moved to its present site, I do not know or cannot find out for sure; but as someone said "probably because it was dryer," if so it seemed like jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

I think the town has a deed to the school lot made about eighty years ago; somewhere near the time the old red school house was moved to the four corners.

The school then used the old board seats, I have talked with people who used to sit in them and did not mind if they seemed a little hard and uncomfortable.

At this time, big boys would enter for the winter term. We have all heard tales of their cut ups.

This little story was told to me by a women who went to school about sixtyfive years ago. She was just a tiny tot then, but remembers clearly about the little scene. One big boy (who is a good neighbor not far away) loved a little joke now and then as well as his lessons. One day this big boy had over stepped, and teacher, her name was Viny Greene, made him sit by her desk; but sitting by her desk was only play. As she went past him, out shot his foot, and down went teacher. She clinched but he was quicker and pushed her to the side of the room. Probably more punishment followed but this little girl was so frightened, she couldnt remember what came next.

This same women tells about the time she remembers when the school teacher was sick and her brother came to substitute. One boy became unruly, so the teacher grabbed him by the collar, yanked him out of his seat with such force, that his boot heels left dents in the back of the seat.

It seems queer that when I ask some of the older folks what they can remember about early school days, these funny incidents are the things they recall first. I suppose lessons were absorbed naturally but the pranks were sort of outstanding.

This same Viny Greene wore a glass eye; one morning she came to school with only one eye. She had forgotten to make proper connections it seems. She sent one of the big boys to her boarding place after it. I have heard of a thousand dollar eye being kept in a velvet case, but this one came to school in a paper bag; held at arm's length, as though it might bite.

Since these earlier days some improvements had been made. I think about 1880. Deacon Curtis of Rutland city taught at that time. New seats, teachers desk and chair had been added. Mr. Curtis at that time was seventeen years old. He used to go to school in the Curtis district on Sand Hill and attended Rutland High for a time. He is nearing his eightieth birthday but still can recall clearly the names of the children who went to him. They are Anna and Etta Lester, Harry Lester, Grace Thomas, Jamie and Mary Kellogg, Louise Dickeman, Lizzie and Henry Sears, Emma, Mamie and Charles White. Some Mooney children who lived where Livaks are now living. I think these names will mean more to some of the older folks.

As the pupils sit at these new desks made for two and examine books and work material, they marvel at the improvements made in the new text books. They find the Franklin readers, arithmetic, spelling, grammar, histories, geography, writing or copy books and physiology, every Friday afternoon.

Slates were used earlier and even now chills run up and down my spine when I remember the slate pencil screeching across the slate. When slates were being used the usual question was, "Teacher may I wet my sponge?" If the sponge was missing, we would use what nature had provided for such cases.

Just a word about punishments. Teachers were fortunate in these days. They could devise all ways of punishing their pupils without fear of court proceedings. One method was to sharpen a lead pencil very, very sharp; call the boy or girl to the front of the room and proceed to bore their ear, the pupil would carry the pencil mark for a number of days. Another in regard to chewing gum is not very nice, and certainly most unsanitary. When a pupil was caught chewing gum, he was promptly told to deposit the gum on the teacher's desk. The next culprit was obliged to chew both his gum and the gum on deposit; this also was laid away until the next; you can imagine the size it may have grown. Finally one girl broke down and cried and refused to chew. That was the end of this sort of punishment. I don't think there were germs in those days or perhaps we were a healthy bunch of youngsters. At any rate I never heard of any diseases being spread by the gum chewing act. Of course staying in recesses and most of the noon hour, writing mottoes on the blackboard a hundred times or more and a few ferulings now and then were rather tame beside the older punishment.

One last look at the old school and then the pictures will be hung on memory's wall. A group of country boys and girls playing in the school yard, girls with long braids, dresses well down over the knees and stockings (heavy wool in winter) well up over knees. Boys are wearing full blouses, which were a good receptacle for most anything. Soon the bell is ringing and the children rush into the entry, long narrow rooms on either side of the door. Girls hang coats on one side boys on the other. The wood box is in the boy's end. A row of dinner pails on the floor. Entering the school room the children pass the teacher's desk on the platform and go to their seats. The sun is shining nice and warm in south windows. The blackboard, door and teacher's desk are on the west side; Windows on the other sides and kerosene lamps in brackets at each window. On the east side a chimney boarded up, a relic of many years ago, with its many carved initials. If we listen carefully we can almost hear the teacher. "The fifth class in reading will now recite." The children take their places on the long recitation bench, boys on one end, girls on the other. So all day classes will be called out to the old bench.

Let us not forget the old cast iron box stove, with stove pipe running nearly across the room. How many times on cold winter mornings the old recitation bench has been drawn up before the stove, with a row of youngsters warming their feet. The stove would get hotter and hotter and the children would move back inch by inch; until finally they had taken thier seats.

Oh yes, the old water pail and dipper standing on the platform and again we hear, "Teacher may I pass the water?" Gaining permission the pail goes the rounds, each one drinking from the same dipper, and how refreshing it was on a hot summer day.

Once more we sit in our old seats and can see the faces of our old playmates and dream of the happy carefree days of long ago. Skating on Kellogg's dam, sliding down Cheney Hill, gathering wild flowers in the swamp and picking the tender wintergreen leaves, playing under the spreading maple tree by the brook and jumping from the big rock. We will not dream any longer but just one more look at the old chimney, with the initials of many of the older boys and girls and try to think if there isn't someone who has gone out into the world and become famous. Perhaps not, but this I do know that there are a great many loyal men and women who have made our community what it is and we are proud of this inheritance.

The shadows are lengthening, the room is growing dark, tread softly to the door and close it gently. Always will we cherish the memories of the Little Red School House that turned white, at the foot of Cheney Hill.



OLD CHENEY HILL SCHOOL AT FOOT OF HILL ON ROUTE 7

Photo from Vera Fish

ONCE UPON A SCHOOLDAY 1939

By Faye Smith

The spring of 1939 found Vermont still snarled in the web of the Depression. The weary, ragged tramps that headed south when chill Canadian air swept down the valley in the fall, now reversed direction and shuffled north again. I met them daily on my way home from the Cheney Hill School. Six years old; the only first grader in the eight-grade schoolroom, it had been for me a year of great fulfillment. At last I had crashed into the world of freshly sharpened pencils, blue-lined paper and books. Books I could read! Like a bear in a honey tree I was eating into the printed page with an appetite that knew no bounds. My ever present fear of falling into the yawning, black depths of the chemical toilet had diminished somewhat.

It was early May. The ice was long gone from the little brook beyond the schoolyard. Big glass jars that had held frogs eggs on the bookshelf now teemed with lively tadpoles. The children no longer brought a potato to bake on the top of the stove for lunch. On warmer days we let the fire in the stove go out. The vases that had held pussy-willows now displayed violets, adders tongues, and mayflowers.

Our desks assumed the look of stanchions to us and we welcomed every chance available to be outdoors. There was no lack of volunteers to clap erasers or go for a pail of drinking water up the hill to Wallace Fishes house.

Outside in the schoolyard we played Kick - The - Can and Giant Steps. The older boys brought baseballs and gloves. Sometimes an over - exuberant wrestling match turned into a fight, but all activity was reluctantly abandoned at the end of the noon recess.

Once inside it was difficult to keep my attention from straying to the windows where a pair of foolhardy swallows were building a nest in the hollow swingpole. The fragrance of moist, plowed earth and blossoming shad drifted in.

The Italian women from the city had come as they always did to dig dandelion greens in Murphys meadow above the school. My reverie was suddenly shattered by a sharp rapping which sent the teacher, Miss Iona Woods hurrying to the door. She opened it to a bundle of fury; a little old Italian woman, her face as brown and wrinkled as a nut shell, white hair tossed askew by the wind and fire in her eyes. She waved a knife menacingly at the teachers throat. The teacher was very pale and a frightened silence fell on the class. The visitor let loose with a barrage of Italian of which noone understood a word. At least I thought noone did. There were some boys who could have interpreted her wrath, but they were keeping very quiet.

Getting no satisfaction, the old lady's anger mounted and she gestered more wildly with the knife. I was sure my dear teacher was going to be stabbed before my eyes. Apparently others thought so too, because one of the older boys spoke up and very uncomfortably admitted that he thought she was looking for her bottle of wine. What bottle?

Well - - - the one the boys had taken out of a burlap bag on a stone wall by the school. There were a number of boys faces as red as - - - wine.

There was a mumbled explanation about "not much left" and "took it home". Surprisingly the old woman appeared to understand and her fury quite spent she left. An audible sigh escaped from the class.

In 1941 the Old Cheney Hill School closed and a new one was built on Cedar Avenue. In good Yankee tradition however the old one was sold and recycled into a private home now owned by Mary Lewis.



CHENEY HILL SCHOOL BUILT 1941 ON CEDAR AVE.

Photo from Lyn Letourneau

RUTLAND TOWN'S GLEAMING NEW \$675,000 SCHOOL IS NEARLY READY

Workmen are putting the final touches on Rutland Town's new \$675,000 elementary school. The Post Road structure will be ready when classes begin Sept. 6.

The new school will replace four outmoded wooden schoolhouses.

The rambling brick structure has facilities for physical education, science, home economics, shop, art, and a large library.

A lobby, faced with blue-gray Vermont slate, separates the five primary classrooms and a large kindergarten classroom from the main section of the building.

Five middle-grade classrooms are located in the main section of the building. The center of the T-shaped building also includes a science laboratory, health room, arts and crafts room, home economics room, teacher's room, offices and the library.

The southwest corner of the building contains the auditorium, cafeteria, kitchen, boys' and girls' lockers rooms, and a lobby.

The six kindergarten and primary grade rooms each contain toilet facilities and a sink.

The school has a large central office which will contain an office for Miss Ann Reilly, school principal, a conference room, and a private office.

The 3,600 volume library has paneled walls and wall-to-wall carpeting.

The science room contains 12 stone-topped workbenches, a teacher's bench, five experiment tables each with a gas jet and water taps, and an aquarium. More workbenches may be added. A foundation has been laid outside the science room for the planned addition of a small greenhouse.

The shop to be used by Grades 7 and 8, contains lathes, saws, and other power tools for woodworking and metalworking classes. A wash basin and two rooms for the storage of tools has also been set aside there.

The homemaking room, to be used for the girls' home economics classes has four separate kitchen units, each containing sinks, stoves, and cabinets, and a large area to be used for instruction of sewing and child care.

The school also has set aside a special classroom for remedial reading. The arts and crafts room has many easels for art classes and tables and workbenches for other craft classes.

The auditorium features a regulation size basketball court and a stage. Two rooms have been provided off the stage - one for storage and the other for a practice room by school musicians.

Town voters approved a \$479,000 bond issue in September, 1965, to finance the construction of the school.

The remainder of the total cost was covered by state building aid funds.

About 310 pupils from Rutland Town will attend the new school, which replaces Center Rutland, Haiti, Cheney Hill, and Dyer Schools.



DYER SCHOOL

THE CHURCH AT CENTER RUTLAND

"The land for the church at Center Rutland and that for the graveyard next to the church was probably given by William Gookin.

The lumber was given by members and friends and most of the work was done by themselves.

The church was the usual type of those days. At the time of building the seats faced the doors, and the choir was in the gallery back of the pulpit. The pulpit was between the two doors opening into the vestibule.

Later the church was repaired, the pulpit being placed opposite the doors and the seats turned around and made more comfortable by cushions. These being made by the women of the congregation.

At this time the church was quite pretentious being well furnished; the platform and aisles being covered with red carpeting and the pulpit top with red velvet. A horse hair sofa was on the platform. It was lighted by a center chandelier ornamented with glass prisms.

The basement was used for prayer meetings and class meetings.

After the Ripleys came to Rutland they were a great help in this church; Mrs. Jane Ripley being an earnest worker as long as church services were held there. At one time some of those that sang in the choir were Mary Ripley, Helen Ripley, Horace Graham, and others. The music was said to have been very good.

The last time the church was opened for public worship was for a memorial service for Mr. and Mrs. Fisher (Mary Ripley) who were lost at sea (1873).

At this time the church was draped in black, the bier being placed in front of the altar and covered with flowers.

The Vermont Marble Co. bought the property about 1882 and remodeled the church into a store. Mr. H.C. Harris formed a partnership with the Vermont Marble Co. and was the first to occupy it.

The building was destroyed by fire in 1908.

The Center Rutland Schoolhouse now stands on almost the exact spot where the church stood."

Contributed by Bertha Davidson

written by her mother Nellie Shedd Morehouse

Note: A picture of the building is shown in the section on old schools. It is the large store on the west of the first Center Rutland School.

THE MILL VILLAGE CHAPEL

The chapel was built on a bluff at the fork of the Chittenden and Pittsford Roads. On an afternoon in November, 1896 members of the King's Daughters, the Mill Village Christian Endeavor Society, and friends gathered for a dedication of their new building. This day they realized plans that had begun four years previous when the King's Daughters had pledged \$15 for a building fund. Now after many fund-raising suppers and sales of fancy articles, the combined efforts of the King's Daughters and the Sunday School had born fruit. They were justifiably proud as the Prudential Committee report revealed the entire cost of the building to be \$1075. The main building was 32 by 24 feet and the annex 16 by 24 feet. The interior consisted of an audience room large enough to comfortably seat 175 persons, a dining room, kitchen and cloakroom.

The land for the chapel was given by Edgar Davis. One hundred and thirteen chairs had been purchased by the society and sold to individuals at one dollar each, the name of the owner printed on strips of russet leather and fastened to the back of the chairs. The initials Y.P.S.C.E. and the Maltese Cross bearing letters "I.H.N." were perforated on the back of the chairs. There was a new chandelier, furniture for the pulpit, and a new furnace. The anticipation that had begun in July with the laying of the cornerstone of dark Columbian marble now culminated with the dedication service followed by an evening social. They enthusiastically made plans to add horsesheds for hitching horses directly across from the chapel on Rt. 7.

Many years have passed since that November afternoon. The country has known two World Wars, a Depression, a boom in population, an ever-increasing pace of living but the chapel has stood firmly, serenely facing the oncoming traffic. The horsesheds which were built, blew down in 1931 and were sold for salvage, the privy in the northeast corner of the chapel has been replaced with flush toilets. The black, iron cookstove that took an active part in so many suppers withdrew from the scene when the kitchen was remodelled. A book given in memory of Anna Young records the many gifts and donations received over the years by the chapel. The present piano was obtained by a contest sponsored by Clausons Shoe Store in Rutland. So many credits were given for every pair of shoes purchased at the store. The end prize to be the piano. Many neighbors and friends bought their shoes there and pooled their credits. We do not know if the credits alone bought the piano. No record of money paid for it has been found. The story goes that Mr. Clauson was interested in the chapel and helped steer the piano our way.

There is a timelessness about the chapel. It has seen the little children that shyly spoke their Christmas pieces and cavorted over the stage at chapel suppers grow to awkward adolescence. It has followed them to maturity, witnessed their wedding parties; and seen the whole cycle rerun again when they brought their new babies who very soon were able to shyly speak a piece and cavort on the stage. It has missed the old, familiar faces when they were no longer present.

All in all it seems that the faith of the community at that dedication in 1896 has been confirmed for the chapel has been in continuous use ever since. The Sunday School

classes have met on Sunday mornings for four generations. The Mill Village Daughters and Sons true to their motto, "In His Name" still hold their meetings and suppers in the belief that the world is a little better if you can sit down with your neighbor once a month to share a homemade pie.

written by Faye R. Smith

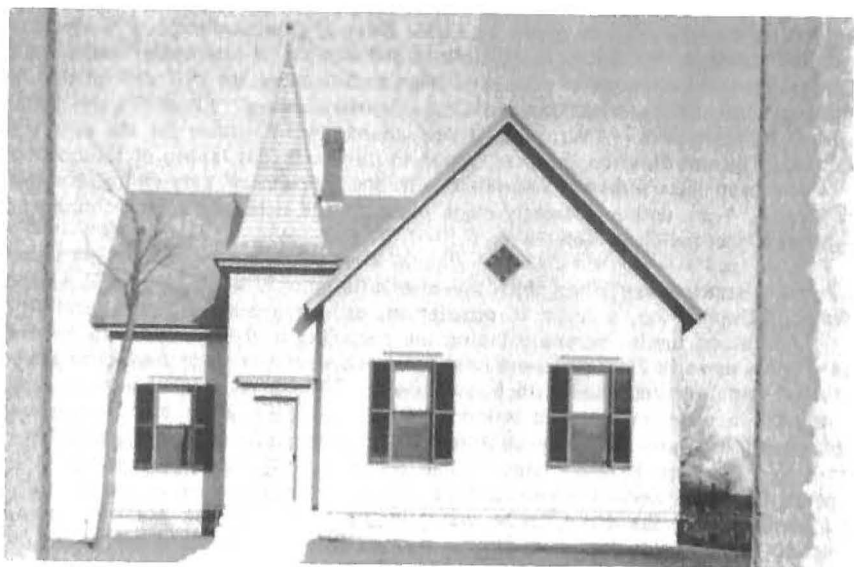
with information from Rutland Herald Clippings

July 23, 1896

Nov. 24, 1896

Chapel Assoc. History

by Mary Baird and Sherwin & Elrena Williams



HISTORY OF THE MISSION COVENANT CHURCH CENTER RUTLAND, VERMONT

It was in 1889 that a small group of Mission Friends, under the leadership of Rev. Louis Grelander, joined together to form what was then known as the Swedish Evangelical Congregational Mission Church of Center Rutland. Prior to that time, a few interested folk had been meeting for worship in West Rutland. It was also in 1889 that a plot of land to be used for a church building was donated by the Vermont Marble Company and the foundation was laid the same year. A subscription was taken to finance the erection of the building. Nearly \$600 was subscribed, much of which was contributed by American friends including Senator Redfield Proctor who gave \$250.

After Pastor Grelander's resignation in 1890, a layman, John Erickson, carried on the preaching duties until 1891 when Rev. S.J. Blomquist assumed the pastorate of the Center Rutland and Proctor churches. During his ministry, the church building, in which we still worship today, was completed and dedicated on July 24, 1892.

In 1894, Pastor Blomquist returned to Sweden and was succeeded by Rev. C. J. Anderson who carried on the work for eight years. Short ministries by G. A. Quarnstrom and A. F. Tornblom followed by the pastorate of Rev. Gustaf Wiman who moved to this area in October, 1903, and continued in the work until 1909. At that time, Rev. C. J. Wahlstrom accepted a call and served the church until 1912.

The next pastor was Rev. J. M. Hendrickson who remained only one year. His successor was Rev. Alex Strandin who continued as pastor until 1918. Following his ministry, the church was not able to secure a pastor for about a year. Then, Rev. Frank Lindberg accepted a call but remained less than a year.

In 1920, Rev. Charles Swanson became the pastor and served the church faithfully for twenty-seven years. Pastor Swanson submitted his resignation in 1944 but continued his ministry until 1947 when he and Mrs. Swanson left to live with their children. After much illness, Pastor Swanson died in 1953. The funeral services were held in the Center Rutland Church on May 23, 1953, with burial in the Proctor cemetery.

Following Pastor Swanson's resignation no new pastor was called but Mr. Carl Hector carried on the preaching duties and various ministers from churches in the Eastern Missionary Association came and conducted Sunday services from time to time.

In 1951, following an offer of aid by the Eastern Missionary Association, the church called Rev. S. Jerome Johnson, who was then a student at North Park Theological Seminary. Rev. Johnson was pastor of the church for one year. During his ministry, several who had formerly been members of the Proctor church joined the Center Rutland church. Two societies, the J.O.Y. Circle and the Brotherhood, were organized at that time. Rev. Johnson ended his ministry in June, 1952, and Rev. James Anderson, another intern from North Park Seminary took up the work. Pastor Anderson stayed until September 1, 1954.

In December, 1954, Elwood daBraal, a student at the North Park Theological Seminary

also came and stayed until May, 1956. In July, 1956 David Sandquest came and stayed until June, 1958. From 1958 until now, the Rev. Lamphere has served this loyal group of church members. Though small in numbers, this church plays a vital role in the lives of these people.

Clarence G. Olsen
Center Rutland, Vt.
July 7, 1975



“ UPON THIS ROCK ”

The Diocese of Boston which was formed in 1808 included all of New England. Because of the slow but steady increase in the Catholic population in Vermont, Bishop Benedict Fenwick of Boston decided to send a priest to this mission area as soon as one was available. During a visit to New York he was approached by Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan, who offered his services to the Bishop.

Father O'Callaghan's background is worth recalling. He was born in County Kerry, Ireland in 1780 and was ordained to the priesthood for the Diocese of Cloyne in 1805.

Father O'Callaghan served as an assistant pastor when banking and the practice of lending money at interest was in its infancy. Father O'Callaghan regarded this practice as usury and condemned it as immoral. His extreme views on this question which he did not hesitate to proclaim publicly brought him into disfavor with his bishop and he was discharged from service in his native diocese.

Bishop Fenwick was impressed with the character and zeal for souls of this exiled priest, who at age fifty gladly accepted the arduous assignment of ministering to the spiritual needs of the Catholic people who had settled in the territory which Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer had fittingly named, the Green Mountains - Vermont.

On July 6, 1830 Fr. O'Callaghan left for Vermont to begin his missionary duties. Fr. O'Callaghan was the first priest to visit Rutland in the summer of 1830 where he offered Mass in a private home. Travelling by stagecoach, horse and buggy, and horse back he visited the Catholics scattered in the various areas of the state and came to Rutland four or five times a year.

Aware of the toll exorted by the incessant travel and advancing age of Father O'Callaghan, Bishop Fenwick endeavored to provide him with an equally zealous co-worker. In 1837 the Bishop found such a priest in the person of Fr. John B. Daly, a Franciscan priest recently received into the Boston Diocese. Father Daly was sent to Vermont to assist Fr. O'Callaghan and the large territory was divided. Father O'Callaghan taking charge of the northern section and Father Daly the southern part of the state.

Father Daly visited Rutland about once a month. When the congregation increased beyond the capacity of a private home, he offered Mass in a building known as "Ball Alley" on Main St. It is interesting to note that these pioneer priests received no salary or stipends. For their livelihood they depended solely upon free will offerings.

The Catholic population increased slowly in Rutland. After the failure of Irelands potato crop in 1846, the exodus from that country brought countless thousands to the eastern seaboard. Although most of the immigrants settled in Boston and New York, some ventured west and north. In 1884 the railroads were being built in Vermont and laborers mostly Irish were hired in gangs by the builders. Since Rutland emerged as a railroad

center, many of these men settled in the Rutland area finding employment on the railroads, in the machine shops and in the marble industry which began to flourish in the 1850's.

By 1853 there were 20,000 Catholics in Vermont and the Diocese of Burlington was established on July 25, 1853. The new diocese comprised the entire state. Father Louis DeGoesbriand, the chancellor of the Diocese of Cleveland, Ohio was appointed as its first bishop and on Nov. 6, 1853 was formally installed as Bishop of Burlington.

The preceeding information is an excerpt from "The History of St. Peter's Church" written by Father Patrick Hannon of that parish and reprinted here with his permission.

THE STORY OF THE HOMESTEAD OF ABRAHAM W. WHITING, POST ROAD

A young Englishman, by the name of Abraham Whiting enlisted in the United States Army, Co. F, 2nd Regiment, N. Y. Cavalry, August 21, 1861. He fought in the Civil War and was honorably discharged. While on leave from the fighting, he had the unique experience of having his palm read by a gypsy fortune teller. It was prophesized that he would return to Vermont, meet a young girl whom he had known from his childhood and marry her. He would also buy a farm with a brook running through the field and a large house similar to George Washington's Mt. Vernon residence that would stand facing south and be the home of his children and grandchildren. After his discharge, he travelled to Wisconsin, through the southern states and then into the New England States seeking he knew not what. Often, the fortune teller's prophecy came to mind and he finally did return to Vermont where he met his future wife, Mary Ann Hewitt, who he used to tease when she was a little girl. They had two children by their marriage, Samuel Edwin and Anna Eliza. Their son, Samuel, died at the age of 16 of pneumonia, leaving Anna Eliza to become sole heir of the property upon the death of her father in 1915.

Abe obtained employment with the Clements family in Center Rutland as a gardener, setting out the cedar hedges which bordered the Clements property. He was also looking for a homestead. The fortune teller's words still haunted him until he finally located a small farm on Post Road for sale. It was very much like she had described. So, on October 17, 1883, Abraham Whiting bought the farm from Edgar S. Nelson and Samuel Haywood.* This same land had been sold to Mr. Nelson by Hiram Cheney and wife on February 3, 1881.* The history of the house from 1779 to 1881 is vague.

The land was bounded on the north by the Luther Eastman property, south by the Post Road, east by the Ira W. Hawley property and west by the John H. Crampton and John M. Noyes lands.

Upon inquiring, Abe Whiting understood that in the 1780's two young men by the names of Jeramiah Long and Alpha Post were travelling in Vermont, looking for farm land to build upon. They decided to settle in Rutland, building temporary log cabins to live in while they cleared the land. Alpha Post built his home on what is now known as the Ray Barker Farm and was recently purchased by Chris and Rosa Benetatos. The road from the Post's house to the glen, now known as Mill Village, gradually became known as Post Road. Jeramiah Long picked a site about a ¼ mile west of his friend's home and in 1791 hired Henry Carpenter to build a house which took three years to complete.

It was a large square house with 9 ft. high ceilings. The timbers were rough hewn, huge beams held with cross beams all fastened together with pins or dowels which were hand made.

The boards were wide, many 3 feet in width and may be seen in the attic today. There were fireplaces in each room, built back to back with flues leading into the two large chimneys. The kitchen was real "up-to-date" with a soapstone fire place and bake oven in the northeast room. This had been closed in when Mr. Whiting bought the house and the kitchen rebuilt on the northwest corner of the house, where it is at the present time. The original fireplace and bake oven are still there and in excellent condition.



THE ABRAHAM WHITING HOMESTEAD

The outside walls of the house were stone lined 6 feet up from the foundation, probably because the original builder had feared Indian raids.

The front yard was terraced and held a stonewall built along side the road to a height of about 6 feet. The stonewall is still in tact, showing the remarkable quality of workmanship. It has stayed in place 184 years with very little repair and much climbing on by children.

The drive originally went across the terrace by the front door with a side drive going around to the back barn. The front door was very wide, with side glass and fan glass window over the top. This was removed when the small porch was put onto the front. Too bad, because it must have been a beautiful entrance to the wide hall and open stairway.

Beside the big chimney in the attic, was open space going into the basement with closets from each room built into it. The children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of Abe and Mary Whiting often spent rainy days playing in the attic. There were stories told to us of runaway slaves being hid here during the Civil War. We never knew if they were true, but it was fun to guess about. Another story oft repeated was that the house was a stop over tavern for stage coaches passing thru. In the door, between the front hall and the back area, were heart shaped cut outs with slide covers which "we are told" were used by the help to see who had come in for meals.

The house is presently owned by Mrs. Eleanor Young, widow of Lee Whiting Young, grandson of Abe Whiting. Lee and Eleanor purchased it from the Anna Whiting Young Estate and did extensive remodeling. It is in excellent condition and still a big, beautiful house which is now divided into three apartments.

written by Violet Young Senecal

- * Land Records Rutland Town Vol. 45 page 121
- * Land Records Rutland Town Vol. 40 page 541
- * Information from family notes and stories
Mr. Whiting's papers

IMPROVED TOWN ROADS BUILT BY THREE GENERATIONS OF FISH'S

The building and improving of Rutland Town roads has progressed rapidly since 1907. Marshall Benjamin Fish moved into the town in 1900 and carried on a dairy farm on the old Mead farm on South Main Street, then moved to Cheney Hill District in 1907 to the Alice Thomas farm.

He was elected Road Commissioner many times during a period from 1914 to 1927. Upon his death in 1928 his son Wallace Kelley Fish was elected continuously as Commissioner for thirty years. During that time most all narrow dirt roads were widened and improved with hard surface tarvia.

After his death in 1965 his son, Marshall Bradley Fish, was elected Commissioner and road builder. For the last ten years Mr. Fish has directed the construction of approximately ten miles of new roads and supervised the maintenance of all roads within the Town.

The office of Rutland Town Road Commissioner has previously been voted on each year but is no longer. Mr. Fish's title is now Road Foreman as of this year.

COVERED BRIDGES OF EAST CREEK

There are no covered bridges left on East Creek now but once there were four - all built by the same man, Nicholas Powers of Pittsford. He was born in 1817 on a farm southwest of Pittsford and served his bridge building apprenticeship under Abraham Owen of the same town. Before age 21 young Powers contracted to put a covered bridge over Furnace Brook at Pittsford Mills. Ninety-six years later the bridge was strong enough to support a twenty-ton steam roller operated by state road builders who came to replace the span with a concrete structure. This Pittsford bridge made his reputation and in the next dozen years or so he constructed bridges across Otter Creek, East Creek and Cold River. He favored the Town Lattice truss, using spruce and hemlock.

TWIN BRIDGES - (crossing at farm of Ernest McKirryher) built by Nicholas Powers. The first span was built in 1849. The following spring the creek cut around the bridge. Powers convinced the Selectmen that another span would accommodate the changing courses of the creek. Second span was built 1850. They were 50 and 60 feet long. The flood of 1947 swept one span away, the other was salvaged and moved to the east side of the Chittenden Road where it now houses road equipment.

LESTER BRIDGE - (crossing at the farm of Sherwin Williams) It was built by Nicholas Powers around 1845, a fine example of Town Lattice trusswork with crisscrossing pattern of planks framing the sides. A simple and strong method of bracing a bridge, it was the most expensive because it required more lumber than others. It had no mortises or tenons and called only for ordinary planking. Photo shows bridge as it was being dismantled by government authorities in 1931 prior to replacement by a modern span. (Note cement work for new bridge at right.)

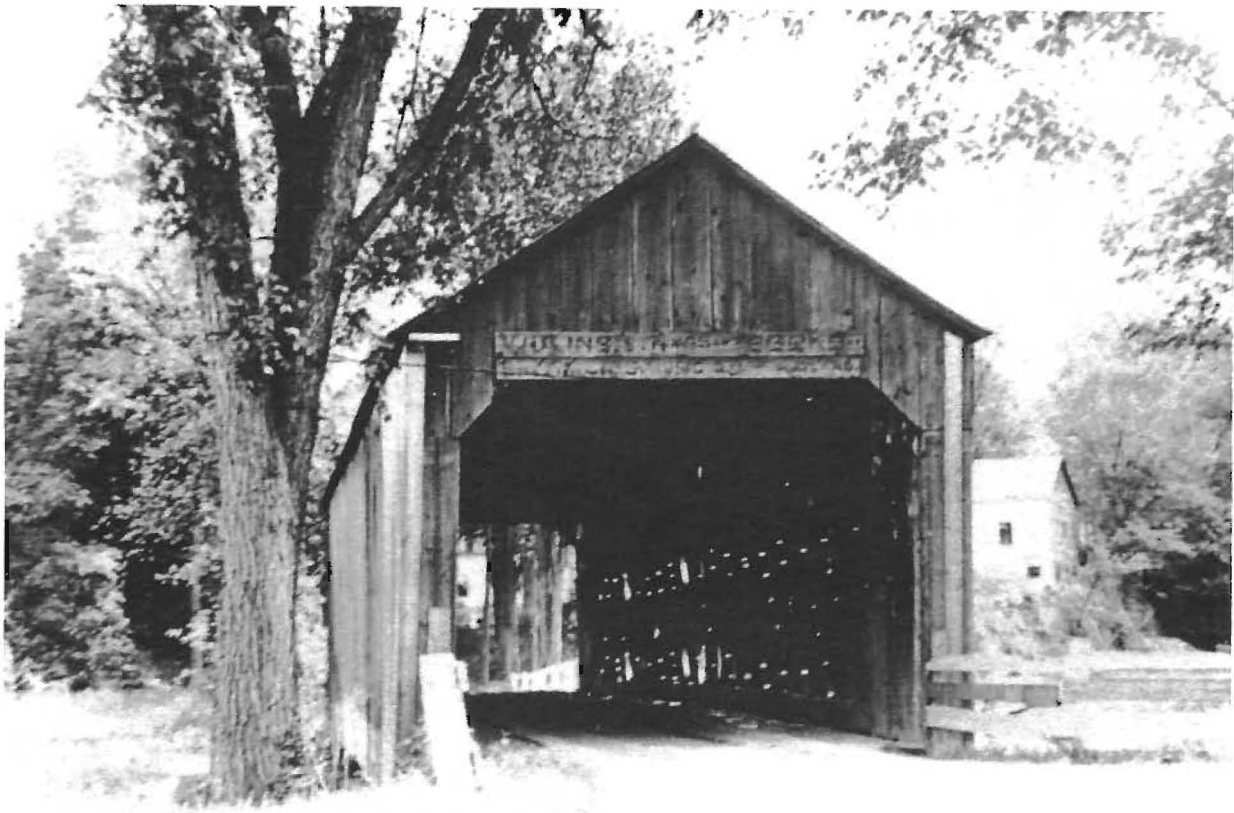
MILL VILLAGE BRIDGE - (crossing at Ted Hendees garage) another 70 foot long Powers bridge. It saw many times of high water supported on its abutments of stone slabs laid "dry" without any cement. It was swept away in the 1947 flood. We do not know the year of its construction.

OLD "76" BRIDGE - (crossing at Rutland Golf Course) built in 1876 by Powers, a 70 foot span. Many stories surround its secluded setting. In 1908 an Italian laborer was lured into the bridge by a local woman where her companion murdered and robbed him. The bridge had undergone recent restoration when the 1947 flood demolished it.

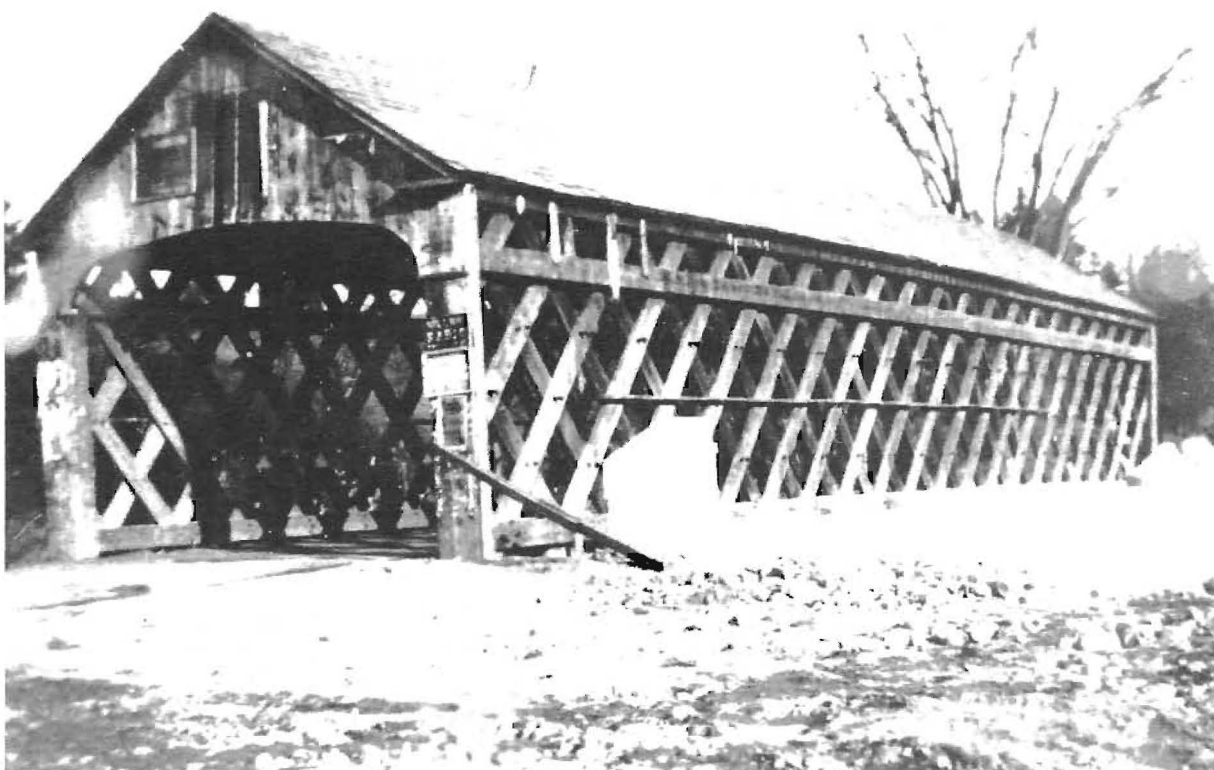


OLD "76" BRIDGE

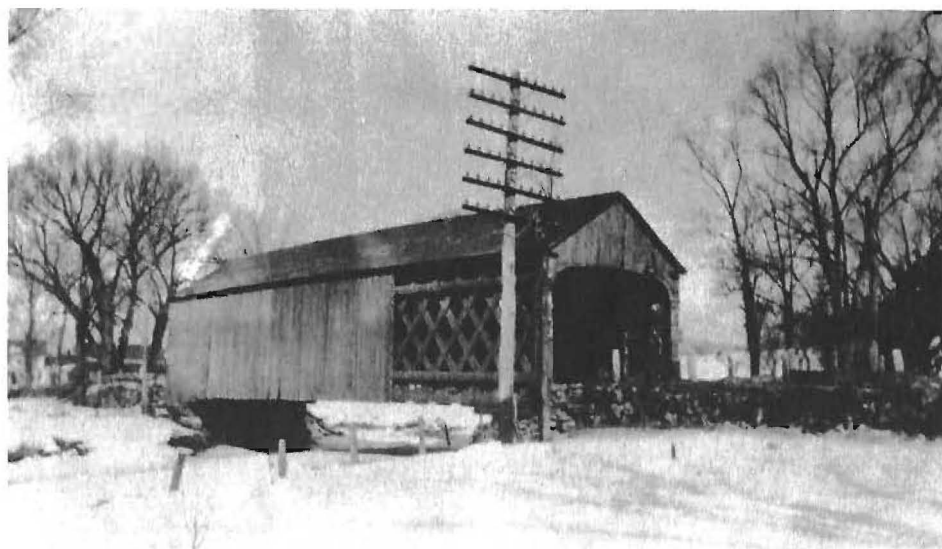




TWO VIEWS OF MILL VILLAGE BRIDGE



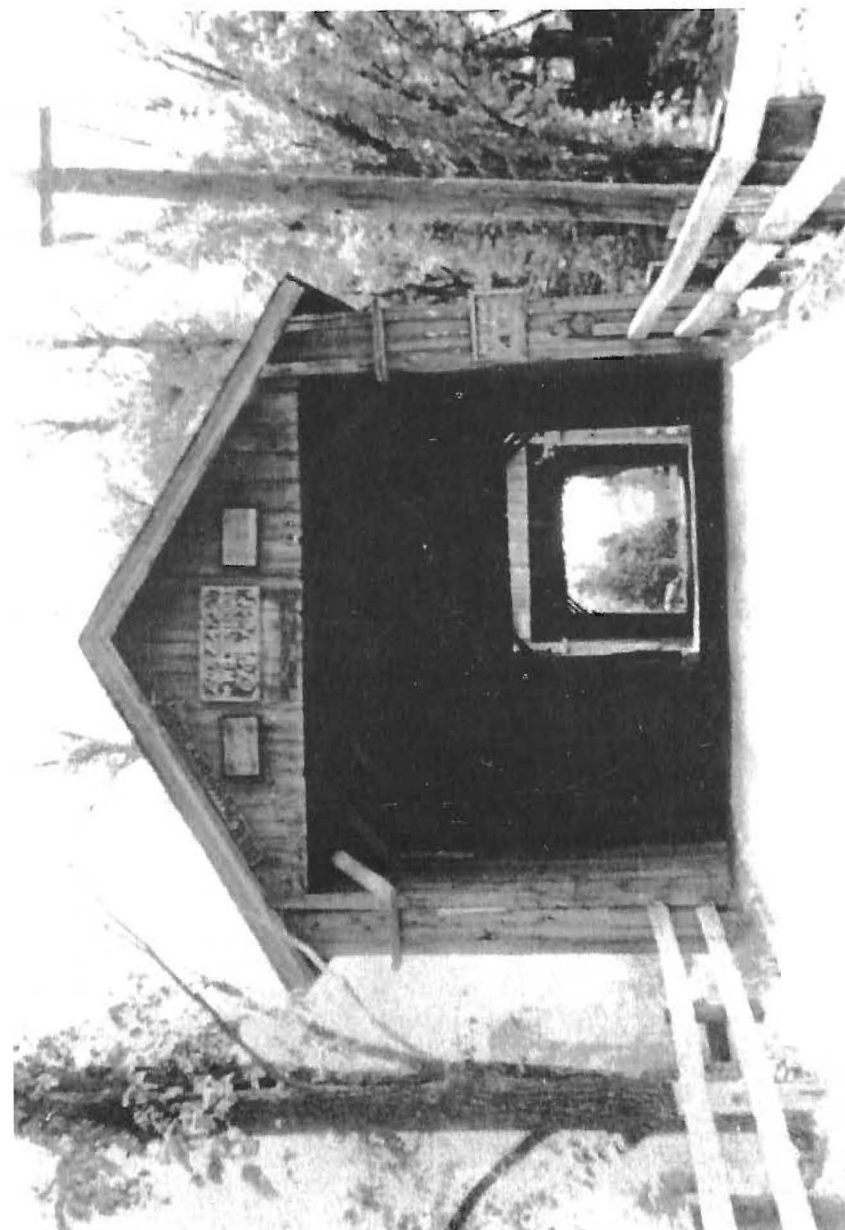
LESTER BRIDGE



LESTER RINGE-1931

References:

Covered Bridges of New England; Clara Wagemann
 Covered Bridges of the Northeast; Richard Allen
 The Covered Bridge; Herbert Congdon
 Information from Donald Swan, John H. Francis,
 William Sharp, Stanley Mytych



3 VIEWS OF THE TWIN BRIDGES



A BRIDGE TO END BRIDGES

For some years
There had been considerable rivalry
Between the Kelly family and the Billingses.
Each family had its followers
And neither group allowed any chance to pass
To get the better of the other.
While it had started as a family matter,
It gradually got into local politics.
It was a demand of the Kellys
For another bridge across Otter Creek
That stirred up a rumpus at one town meeting.
There was a bridge less than a mile
South of the Kelly farm
And another about the same distance north.
However, the Kellys wanted one so located
That they could go straight to Rutland from their own
farm.
A motion to build such a bridge, made in town meeting,
Had excited debate from both factions.
Just before the vote Avery Billings got the floor.
"Mr. Moderator," he said, "we already have built covered bridges
At Gookin's Falls, Ripley's, Patch's, Dorr's and Billings' —
Five bridges within two miles."
He stopped a minute. Then he shouted:
"I move we bridge the whole damned creek
Lengthwise."
The Kellys' motion was voted down.

by Walter Hard

"Vermont Valley" 1939

OTTER CREEK BRIDGES

BILLINGS BRIDGE - Built about 1831 by Timothy K. Horton for the Town of Rutland. It connected the farms of Avery Billings and Leedo Billings. In the spring floods sometimes the water was as high as the overhanging roof. The weight of the roof slates no doubt helped to keep the bridge on its abutments. There is a story of how Avery Billings was set upon by masked men as he drove through the bridge. One leaped from the shadows to grab the bridle of the horse, while one dropped from the crossbracing onto the wagon. The horse plunged and bucked as Billings lashed out with the whip at one assailant. The other lost his grip on the dashboard and was bowled out onto the bridge floor. The farmer escaped.

Another man Isaac Kelly started out to buy a railroad ticket one night and was never seen alive again. Days later a trail of bloodstains was found leading from inside the bridge to a clump of bushes nearby. There lay Kelly's body. He had been beaten and robbed.

The Billings bridge was burned by vandals on Halloween night 1952.

DORR BRIDGE - Information sources conflict in regard to the builder of Dorr bridge. Clara Wagemann in her book "Covered Bridges of New England" states it was built in 1872 by Nicholas Powers who after starting it became ill. It was finished by his 22 year old son Charles. Another covered bridge authority, Richard Allen in "Covered Bridges of the Northeast" says it was built in 1871 by Evelyn Pierpoint. The Rutland Herald column "100 Years Ago" by Charles Conners confirms it was Pierpoint. We would welcome any further light that might be shed on the subject. (see Bicentennial File, back cover). The bridge was a 200 foot long span with a central pier. It derived its name from the Dorr family as it faced their home. Julia Ripley Dorr was named Vermont's Poet Laureate. The 1927 flood swept it off its pier. It took with it Ripley Bridge and a giant iron railroad bridge below it. All went over the falls at Center Rutland completely demolished.

RIPLEY BRIDGE - Named for the Ripley family, lost in the 1927 flood. We have very little information about this bridge.

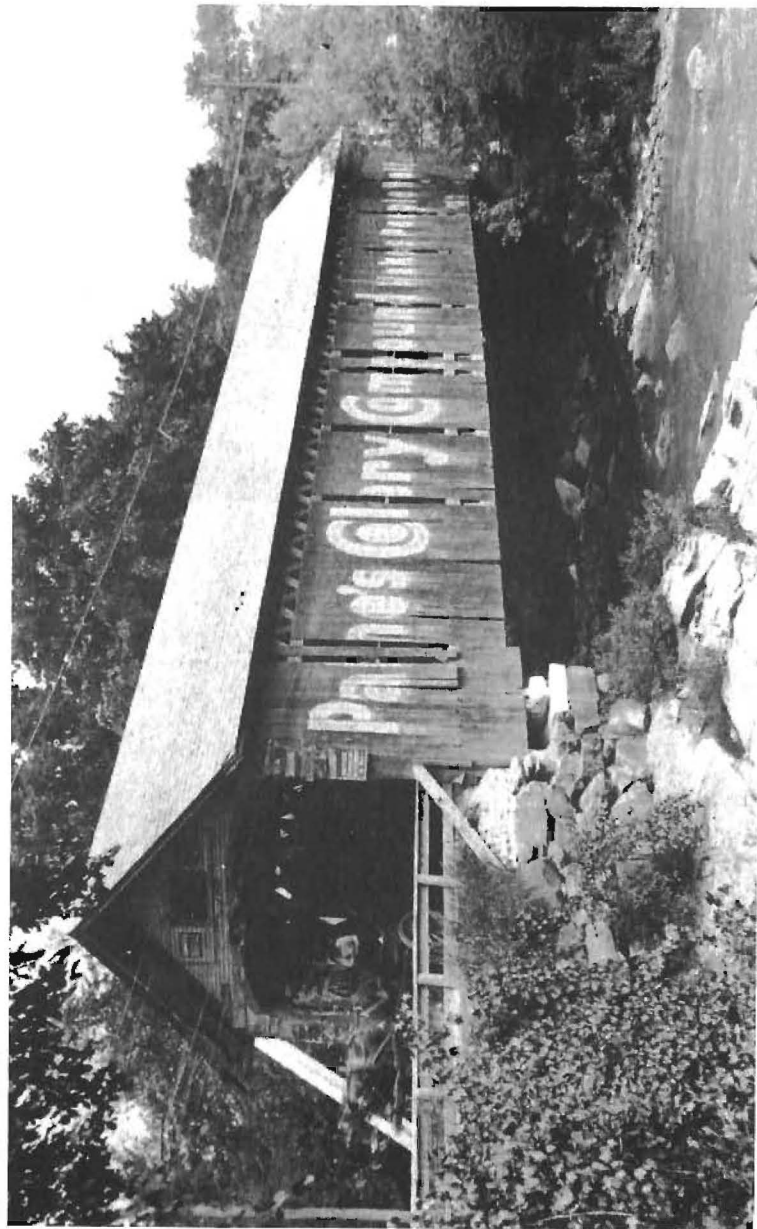
CENTER RUTLAND FALLS BRIDGE - Our earliest record of a bridge at the falls (formerly called Gookins Falls) is that of one built in 1776 by order of Gen. Jeffrey Amherst. This was not a covered bridge. A clipping in the Rutland Herald of 1874 Dec. 28 tells of the burning of a wooden bridge at Center Rutland Falls. Its age at that time was stated to be about 40 years. We could not confirm whether it was only damaged or destroyed. The covered bridge that you see in the photos may be the repaired structure or a replacement. It was absent from the pictures that we saw of the 1927 flood. Sometime previous to that it was replaced with a steel span.



BILLINGS BRIDGE

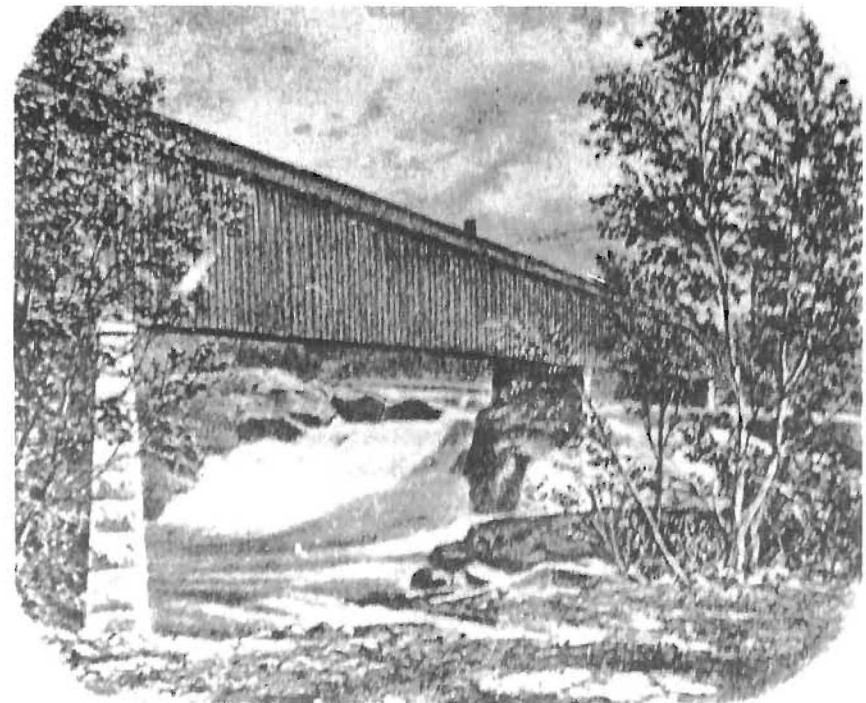


DORR BRIDGE



BRIDGE AT CENTER RUTLAND FALLS

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT GOOKINS FALLS C. 1869, BEERS ATLAS



OLD POSTCARD FROM EARLY 1900'S



RAILROAD BRIDGE AND STEEL BRIDGE OVER ROUTE 4 AT CENTER RUTLAND

A JOURNEY FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Reflecting upon what made America the country that it is as we approach its 200th birthday, I would have to say that one very important part of it was the courage of the many people who left their homelands in search of a new country, new ideals, and new dreams. Of course, this started with the pilgrims, but the great variety of life of the America we know today comes from its many immigrants throughout the years. Most of us are quite proud of whatever our heritage is, as it makes us the individuals that we are. I know I am, and I would like to recount a personal story of the courage and determination it took to come to America: that of my Grandmother.

My Grandfather, Michael Livak, first came to the United States from Czechoslovakia in 1905. He worked in building a railroad tunnel in Pennsylvania and in the coal mines of Virginia until 1908. He then returned to Czechoslovakia to marry Helen Malejko. Then he came back to the United States to Proctor, Vermont where he got a job with the Vermont Marble Company.

In the meantime, back in Czechoslovakia, Helen Livak stayed in her village of Klemoca, and had their first son, John. When John was only one year old, Helen packed up all of her belongings in a cloth sack that she had made herself, and without her husband knowing it, boarded a ship, with her son, and headed for America.

The courage and determination it must have taken for Helen to do this must have been incredible. The crossing took 9 days, and of course, Helen knew no one else on the boat. All of this, plus the added worries of coming to a strange land where she would not know the language, plus the fact that she was arriving in New York, and had absolutely no idea of how to get to Proctor, Vermont, must have been a phenomenal feat to face. But, being a very determined woman, she managed, and managed quite well.

After getting through the customs in New York, the officials there put Helen and her son on a train for Vermont. All she knew was that she had to go to Proctor, but she had no idea of where that was. It was at this point that a sheer stroke of luck happened. She overheard some Polish people in front of her saying that they were heading for Proctor, Vermont. Being able to understand a little of the Polish language, Helen decided that she would follow these people, and get off the train where they got off. It was in this manner that she got to Proctor, Vermont, and found her husband.

Helen and Michael Livak lived in Proctor until June 1919, when they moved to Rutland Town, where they bought their own farm. All of their children spoke Czechoslovakian until they entered school, and it was through the children that they learned the English language.

I am sure there are many other stories that other families have of their parents or grandparents coming to America. And I am also sure that each of these stories is equally interesting, and makes their family as proud of their heritage as I am of mine and my grandparents, and how they came and started a new life in a new country.

Written by Terri Livak

THE SOLARI FAMILY

In the year 1904 Achille Solari left his home town of Carrara, Italy to seek employment in America. Leaving his family behind, he signed with an expedition that directed him to the Blue Ridge Marble Co. of Nelson, Georgia as a marble cutter.

In 1906, after having worked two years in the shops, Mr. Solari sent for his family to join him in Georgia. His wife Guglielma, sons Joseph 11, Floyd 9, Sherman 5, Archie 2, and daughter Clara 7 (Mrs. Renato Del Bianco)* boarded an old English cargo ship named Princess Irene in Genova. After twenty-one days the family landed in New York and on to Georgia by rail.

After two years of becoming adjusted to the new life and making friends, the Marble Co. was forced to close because of labor problems. Having a trade as a marble cutter and knowing of marble works in Vermont, the family moved to Center Rutland where work was found with the Vt. Marble Co. The home they first settled in was called The Boarding House and is presently occupied by the Hy-Way Furniture Co.

Joseph, the oldest son began work with the Marble Co. in 1911 and had continuous service with them until his retirement in 1964. His employment was interrupted in 1918 and 1919 when he served with the Red Arrow Division in France and Germany during World War 1. As a matter of interest, his Division returned to this country on the U.S. Destroyer Great Northern in seven days which was record time for ocean travel between Europe and United States.

*(Another daughter Mary was born after their arrival in this country).

The following is a list of marble workers (cutters, carvers, and sculptors) who came to this country during this era:

Giovanni Marconi	Achille Moriglioni	Carrara Ambrossini
Primo Salvioli	Pilade Lucarini	Aristide Piccini
Anselmo Ravellini	Alfeo Fergosi	Lando Bardi
Primo Ratti	Ruggero Canapa	Tamante Ambrossini
Maurizio Ravenna	Umberto Trinci	Ettore Canape
Bernardo Ravenna	Umberto Mutti	? Lertola
Garibaldi Ravenna	Achille Tavarelli	Almo Tenerani
Oreste Del Bianco	Achille Ianni	Giovanni Molin
Casimiro Filie	Gaetano Manfredi	Antonio Lucciani
Lorenzo Bandelloni	Antonio Battani	Allesandro Boni
Dante Bartalena	Cesare Terenzini	Enrico Solari
Geno Pisanelli	Enis Fergosi	? Buggiani

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SCANDINAVIANS ON RUTLAND TOWN

A thousand years ago, the greatest sailors in the world were the Norsemen. They made many daring trips into the open waters of the Atlantic. They discovered Iceland and Greenland in the year 1000. The history of the Scandinavian people and their great influence on the development of America has been recorded in the books of history. As early as 1638, fifty emigrants were brought over by a Swedish Trading Company to first settle in Delaware called Port Christiana in honor of the Swedish queen, later changed to New Sweden. At this time, Sweden was a world power having been an ally with Great Britain and the Netherlands in the Thirty Years' War.

The great influx of these rugged Norsemen in this area came in the 1850's. Living in the old world was difficult. The people desired a better way of life and hoped they could do so in the wonderful new lands of which they had heard. The common folks felt there was no future for their children in the old country.

Many of the Swedish emigrants came to this area in the 1870's and 1880's. Some went to Mineville, New York and then drifted back to Proctor, West Rutland and Center Rutland.

My mother had two aunts and three uncles who came from Sweden in the 1880's. One of her relatives walked from Proctor to Concord, New Hampshire and founded the Swenson's Granite Company, one of the largest granite companies in New Hampshire. Some stayed in the area but others journeyed to other parts of America and established themselves in the business and professional world.

In 1901, an aunt of my mother's went back to Sweden. Her glowing account of America, the great land of opportunity, fascinated my mother and encouraged by her aunt, she left Falkenburg, Sweden in June of 1903 for Goteborg where she took a ship across the North Sea to Hull, England and over by land to Liverpool where she boarded the Carpathia who was returning from her maiden voyage from England to America. (It was the Carpathia that rescued 706 persons when the Invincible Titanic sunk on April 15, 1912.)

Landed at Ellis Island, her label indicated that she should take the train to Rutland, Vermont and then to transfer to the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to West Rutland. There someone would meet her. The young man who her Aunt sent out to meet her never made it. The kind engineer held the train and he walked with my mother to Barnes Street where he knew a Swedish family lived. Then she was brought to her Aunt's home from there. Mother worked as a domestic for some of the socially prominent families in Rutland-Dr. Seaver, a retired Congregational minister, the Pond Family and the Grimm Family. She could recount many interesting stories of these families. In 1909, she married my Dad. She brought ten children into this world. In the early years of their marriage, my Dad traveled all over the country for the Vermont Marble Company and so mother assumed much of the responsibility in bringing up the family.

In 1967, my mother and I spent the summer in Sweden. After sixty five years she re-

turned to the land of her birth. And as the Great Swedish Liner, the Gripsholm, sailed into the harbor at Goteborg, it was a beautiful sight to behold when mother met her sister and two brothers after being separated for sixty five years. They recounted the departure of mother for America, the eldest of the children in the Swenson family. As she bade them goodbye hardly seventeen years old and walked down the road - only to be gone for five years to make her fortune and return to Sweden to make life easier for mother and father. She returned sixty five years later having lived a rich and beautiful life in her adopted land. Here she had given much to the community - over fifty years in P.T.A. work, a life member of the Center Rutland P.T.A. In times of sorrow, she was called on to console the bereaved. In happy occasions she was there to share this also. In the early years she was often called on to be with expectant mothers and ushered into the world little cherubs who could not wait for the busy doctor. Her home was a gathering place for the neighbors - the Polish, the Italians, the Hungarians, the Irish - who would share with her a cup of her Swedish coffee with Swedish delicacies which she had baked. To her Barrett Hill family she was known as "Gram". Her door was always open to all - the very young, the middleaged, and those who were in their twilight years of life. She was not a Swede but an American. She truly represented all ethnic groups who came to this fair land because they found a way of life which was rich and full and beautiful.

Leonard A. Johnson
Center Rutland, Vermont
July 7, 1975

The following was written by Danny Hendee, age 11, grade 6

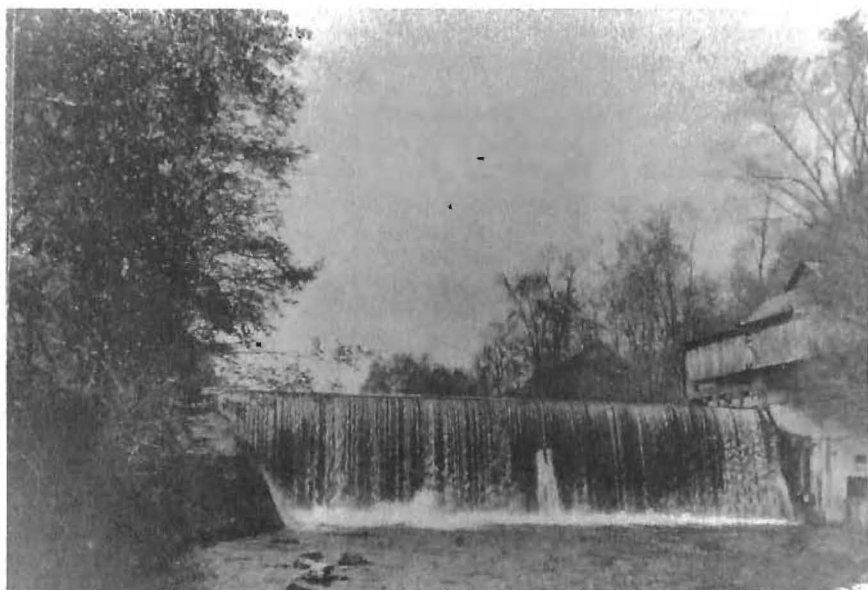
GRAMPA WHEELER - THE BLACKSMITH

My story is about my Grandfather Wheeler who had a blacksmith shop. It was located where my father's garage is now. The blacksmith shop was destroyed in the 1947 flood.

Grampa Wheeler was a small man but he could shoe real big, big work horses. He wore a big leather apron and even made many of his own tools. Sometimes he made the shoes for the horses that had problems or were hard to fit. He had a homemade forge that burned soft coal. You turned a bellows to make the fire that heated the iron shoes hot so you could bend them into shapes. Sometimes the horses were stubborn and didn't want to stand up, or have their feet fixed and they would lean real heavy on my Grandpa. He would straddle their legs - clip away their hooves and fit the shoes. When it fit properly he would nail it in place. You had to be careful not to pound the nail into the horses foot too far, but Grampa knew just how far to do it.

He did many other jobs too, like shoeing a big bobsled to draw wood and he even put iron rim's on wagon wheels. That was a real hard job because there were holes in the iron and in the wooden wagon wheels. These had to fit together so you could put in the screws that would hold the wheel together. Grandpa did many other interesting things that we don't often see today. He was kind of old-fashioned.

Note: Grampa Wheeler died before I was born, but my mother has told me so much about him, I think I knew him.



WHO BUILT THE MILL IN MILL VILLAGE?

In 1872 George L. Russell came to Mill Village (then known as the Glen) from North Ferrisburg. A miller by trade he purchased the grist mill on East Creek situated near where the Francis Holden residence is today. We have very little information on owners of the mill prior to this time.

The Russell family moved into the mill house (now the home of Mabel Leonard). Sometime in the next several years a fire destroyed the mill. It was soon rebuilt. Mr. Russell paid the interest to farmers who had backed him financially in getting reestablished by grinding their first load of grain free when the new mill opened. It became a thriving business with a saw mill as well as the grist mill being operated by water power. In time other owners ran the mill. Many still remember Leon Leonard. It was still in the Leonard family when the building collapsed into the water.

ANCIENT GRISTMILL, LANDMARK, TOPPLES INTO VILLAGE POND

Historic Old Building at Mill
Village Now Lies Beneath
Fifteen Feet of Water.

JUST TIRED OF LIFE

Shortly Before Collapse Customers Fill Storehouse to
Purchase Stock of Grain.

Accompanied by a sound of splintering timbers, a ripping tearing roar as rusty spikes were wrenched from clinging clapboards, an almost human groan and a mighty splash the old Glen mill, a Mill Village landmark for nearly half a century, toppled last night into the quiet waters of the mill pond and now lies, with its valuable contents, partially submerged beneath 15 feet of water.

No Advance Tremors.

Thirty minutes before the ancient structure, a connecting storehouse and shed plunged into the deep, cold water, customers of Mrs. Mattie E. Leonard, who sold grain from the storehouse, were in the building getting supplies of grain to draw to their farms and they felt no premonitory tremblings of the old framework.

They left with their loads of feed for their stock and in half an hour, at 6.30 o'clock, the building which they had just quitted lay quietly in the pond while the dark waters lapped calmly and contentedly against the gray walls which for so many years had frowned down upon them.

Mrs. Leonard Sees Building Fall.

Mrs. Leonard saw the mill and its adjoining buildings fall. She heard, from a window of her home on an elevation above the mill, the first snapping sounds, saw the weather-stained building pitch, balance unsteadily for an instant and then plunge easily, even majestically into the pond, carrying with it the shed and storehouse but leaving a barn which stands on firm ground.

F. R. Patch of this city is the owner of the buildings and though he was unprepared last night to make an estimate of his loss it is believed it will be considerable. He does not plan to rebuild.

Loses Grain and Vehicles.

Mrs. Leonard's loss includes about five tons of grain, a carriage, buggy and express wagon, several sleighs and sleds and some valuable tools, all of which she believes were worth about \$500.

An automobile truck and a pleasure car, property of Sidney Butterfield, also sank with the buildings and a \$400 valuation has been placed on these.

Supports Weakened by Ice.

It is believed that ice, breaking up in the spring, weakened the supports of the old mill and that last night the strain became too great for them. Several years ago Mr. Patch removed the machinery from the gristmill and iron posts were put in to support the end of the structure. It had been noticed that one post had tipped slightly but no trouble was anticipated.

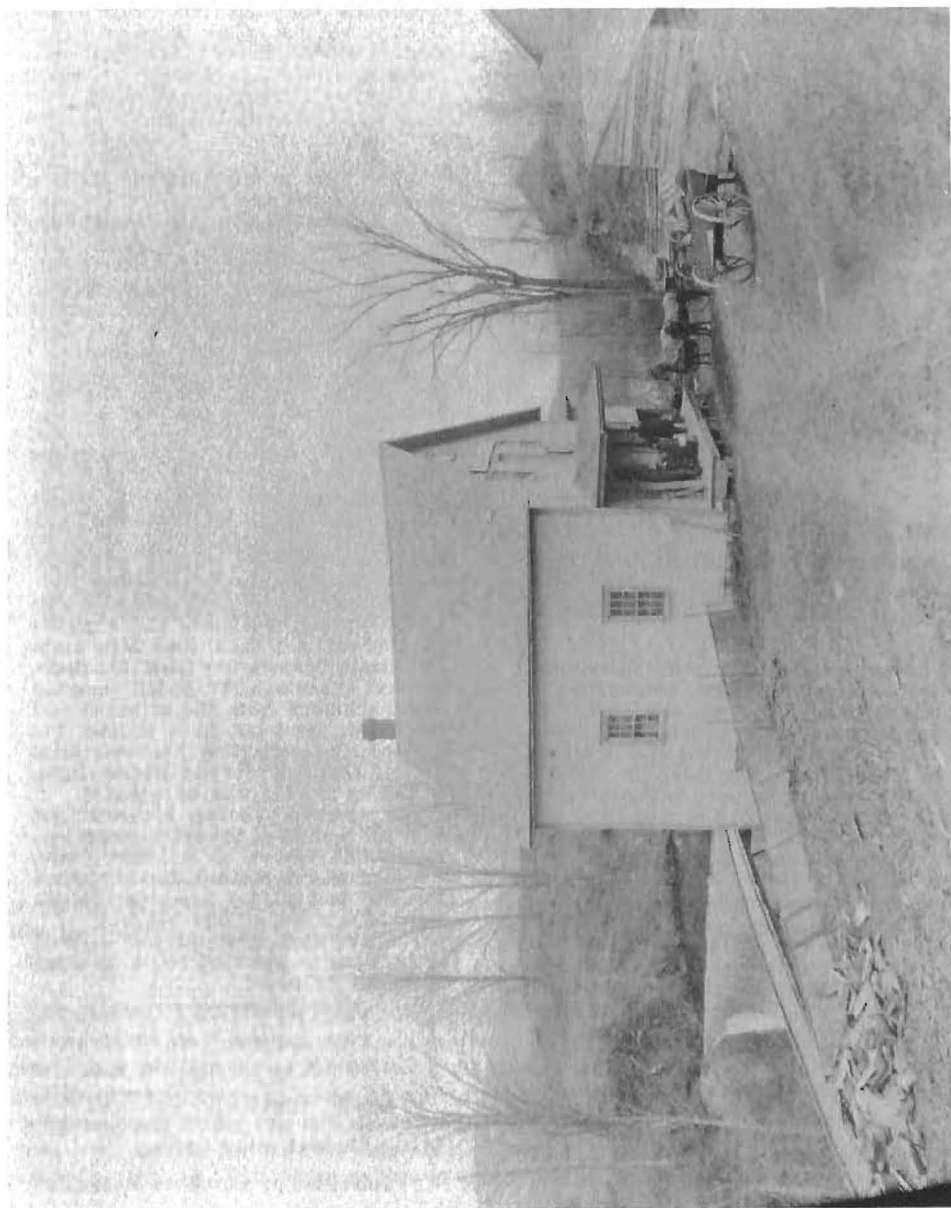
The wrecked buildings projected out over the waters of the pond except one end which rested on a ledge. Mrs. Leonard was in the mill for two hours Tuesday and all day yesterday people were in and out of the building.

The old Glen gristmill was erected in 1877 but no grinding had been done there for 10 years.

May 20, 1925

Rutland Herald Clipping

Submitted by Lawrence Russell



MILL VILLAGE - 1910

Looking north up Route 7 this picture shows two once-familiar landmarks; the old blacksmith shop (lost in the 1947 flood) and the Mill Village spring (capped and now under new highway)

1975



OCTOBER 10 - 1988

Fifty Years of Milk Peddling Is Recalled By Mill Village Man

Ray Russell Traces Gradual Improvement in Health Regulations in City.

From the days of the horse drawn cart to the present day of motorized trucking, from 1888 to 1938, the many changes in the life of the early morning visitor, the milkman, were reviewed Saturday by Ray Russell of Mill Village, who had been in the milk delivery business in Rutland for 50 years on that day.

He bought his business on October 8, 1888, from A. J. Russell and still retains four of the customers he had at that time. He started with a high horse drawn cart and the next year built a low swung cart, the first to be used in Rutland by a milkman. With this type of cart, Russell was the first to break out the winter roads in the morning during the early days. In 1923 he secured the first truck used by milkmen in the city.

With the many changes in manner of delivery and health regulations, Russell says he now wonders why more illness did not result from handling. In the early days he delivered from huge cans, pouring into a quart measure and then into the pans which housewives left outside their doors. Milk bottles were not put into use until 1910, and then it was a matter of the customers choice. The milkman at the turn of the century did not sell cream and it was necessary for the customer to raise the cream in a pan.



Ray Russell's son, Donald took over the business following the death of his father in November, 1938. He still operates the milk-route today.



THE WILLIAMS FARM HOMESTEAD - FLOOD DAMAGE 1947

MEMORIES OF THE 1947 FLOOD AT OUR FARM

by Sherwin and Ellrena Williams

We had had many rainy days during late May of 1947. Streams were full and we were sick of wet weather but we just passed it off as a wet Spring, until the morning of June 2nd, when news spread that the flash boards had given way on the Chittenden Dam. The rushing overflow had washed away several houses in Chittenden. This overflow went into the East Pittsford Dam.

This unusual amount of water coming so suddenly put a terrific strain on the East Pittsford Dam. Men from C.V.P.S. and others sandbagged the dam all day in an effort to save it.

At our farm the day was warm but there was high water in the pasture all day long. Water had been this high in the 1927 flood and nothing really bad had happened. We assumed this would be no worse. After the night milking was done the water had risen to the point we had to drive the cows across the road to night pasture instead of under the bridge, the usual procedure. The 4-H meeting to be held here that night was canceled.

"Grandma", Pauline Williams, wanted to leave from afternoon on but Uncle Milo Lester like ourselves did not think it necessary. Grandma's premonition was at work. She rolled up rugs and placed them with lots of other things up high.

After supper we were trying to make up our minds what to do when the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Roy Hatch who then lived across from the East Pittsford Dam. She said "The Dam has gone out; you had better get out fast." From that point everything was like a nightmare that left our stomachs full of butterflies and made our legs feel like jelly.

We both flew into action. Ellrena got Grandma, Larry and Gareth, who were little fellows, into the old Chevy, which always didn't start at once. Ellrena always felt the the silent prayer she said started the car at once that night. As the car backed out of the garage water had started to come into the yard. Ellrena headed up the road towards Thomas's. At Thomas's tenant house she stopped and waited for the truck which I was to bring.

The truck was on the lawn as the car went up the road. I had helped Uncle Milo into the truck and then missed Clarence, the hired man. Clarence had been in the back of the truck but had decided to go back and get his rubber boots. At this point water covered the lawn. Clarence became frightened and seemed to blank out. He had to be carried and put into the back of the truck. The water was rising all the time. I jumped into the truck and tried to get the truck moving but the water was so high and the lawn so slippery the wheels just spun. One last sight-seer on the road, which was raised above the

lawn, saw our plight and came to help. I never did know his name. He helped Uncle Milo out of the truck and into his car. He told his wife, who was in the car, to get going and we helped Clarence.

In the meantime Clarence had crawled up onto the porch. We went back and each took one of Clarence's arms and started up the road. This man must have had a lot of of courage and a keen sense of humor. Clarence was trying to do something with tobacco and matches and the man said, "Keep your powder dry Old Timer." As we went out to the road the water was nearly up to our hips and coming fast. I remember the water pulling at our legs and how hard it was to keep going. The Thomas's realized we were having trouble. Merritt Thomas backed down through the water and picked us up and headed for high land.

We spent the night at Uncle Henry Lester's on Grove Street. That night we walked out in back of Uncle Henry's where we could look across at our farm. It was getting dark and also foggy. All we could see was water like a huge lake. We stayed with Uncle Henry nearly two weeks before we could get things livable enough to go home.

There was a heavy fog the next morning but we were anxious to see what was left of our place. The water had receded and by 4 A.M. Ellrena and I with Uncle Milo drove as far as Thomas's tenant house. The road ahead was impassable with a big mass of rocks, trees and debris. We left Uncle Milo, who was in poor health. We crawled over trees and made our way around debris stepping into water that sometimes nearly reached our waists. It was a wonderful feeling when we got to our line fence and could see through the fog that the house and cowbarn were still there.

We finally got all the way to the buildings. A big dam of logs and debris that formed against the grand old elms in the back yard saved the house and horsebarn. This also split water which we believe saved the cow barn. The hog barn, hen house and corn barn had washed away. There was mud a foot thick over most of the downstairs floors of the house, with furniture tipped over into it. The cellar was filled with muddy sand to two stairs from the top. A big frog sat in the kitchen that morning. Everything was a mess.

We lost 37 pigs, 188 hens and pullets but no cows. Thomas's cut the fence between their place and ours and let them up into their pasture. In the barn water was up to the calves bellies but they didn't drown. In the horse barn the water came up to the horses' necks. This was filled with parts of trees and rubbish. The horses were literally packed into their stalls among the rubbish. They had to be freed from their strange prison. One was a very wise old horse. After he had been led out of his stall he saw the flight of stairs leading to the hay loft and that is where he went, upstairs.

Pigs wandered at will, the ones that were left after the flood. There was a huge white boar who acted as our watch dog. No one cared about arguing with him. We feel he kept many curious people at a distance and protected our property until we could salvage it. The only two remaining hens lived happily, roamed as they pleased and even laid some eggs for us. Our old dog, Muggsie, greeted us that morning after the flood. He was on the porch. We think he too went upstairs in the horsebarn along with a pig who had crawled up there.

Nearly fifty-five acres of our eighty-five acre farm was affected by flood water. It left anywhere from a foot to four feet of sand over this very fertile farm, which at the time carried a cow per acre and a lot of meadow land would cut four tons of hay per acre. It was considered one of the best small farms in the county.

As the flood water receded there were many small pools left. In nearly all these small spots of water were live fish of several different kinds, mainly horned pout better known to some people as bullhead. They could be fished out properly with a line or just scooped out. Larry, who was then six years of age, used to have lots of fun fishing when his two cousins about his age came to visit.

It is now a trifle over a quarter of a century since that devastating flood. We could have given up hope and moved somewhere else but we didn't. It took a lot of courage and hard work but in a few years the farm was again producing productively. Today the type of farming has changed from dairy cattle, pigs and poultry to raising vegetables and making maple syrup in the spring and sweet cider in the fall. These are sold in our farm market, formerly the old horse barn where the horse went upstairs to the hayloft. In the hayloft we now have a farm museum for people to see some of the things used many years ago.

This farm was bought in 1835 by Henry Whitlock Lester and is still in his family even though the name has been changed to Williams. We hope in years to come, our grandson Paul, the sixth generation, will still be able to have this farm. Perhaps someday he may have a story also to tell about our farm. We hope he will never have to experience anything as frightening as the 1947 flood.

RUTLAND TOWN VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

The Rutland Town Volunteer Fire Department was organized in 1968. Prior to this time, fire protection for the town had been bought from the city of Rutland on an annual basis. In the early months of 1967, the townspeople became disturbed by the extremely high price the City Board of Aldermen was asking for continued fire protection. Town selectmen Walter Patch, Frederick Gallipo, and Robert Solari negotiated with the Board of Aldermen for several months but no mutually agreeable solution was found. The Selectmen decided it would be advantageous to try to form a fire department within the town.

Notices were posted and a special vote was made by the townspeople to decide on the formation of the fire department. The ballot count showed that the townspeople were highly in favor of a town fire department. Several weeks later, a meeting was held at the Center Rutland School for all men of the town interested in joining the department. The Selectmen met at the school and waited, somewhat nervously, to see if any men would volunteer their services. Incredibly, sixty men responded and of these men, Mr. C. John Morse was appointed Chief of the Rutland Town Volunteer Fire Department. The first action Chief Morse took was to institute a training course for the men. Every one of the men agreed to take a 45 hour training course offered by the Vermont State Firefighters Association. Following this course, many men went on to take Standard and Advanced Red Cross First Aid Courses. During this time, Chief Morse and the Board of Selectmen chose sites for two stations. Land was bought on McKinley Ave. from Mrs. Mary Baird.

The John Russell Corporation began immediate construction of the first fire station. A short while later, the second site was chosen off Route 4 in Center Rutland. The land was purchased from Mr. Robert Smith and construction of the Center Rutland station was begun by Taggart Brothers, Inc. Chief Morse searched endlessly for a pump truck. He finally found a suitable truck and Pumper 1 was purchased by the Board of Selectmen from the Ward LaFrance Corporation. The truck was received by the town November 2, 1967 and was stored in a garage owned by The Thomas Dairy until the McKinley Avenue Station was completed. The City of Rutland granted the town an extension of fire protection until October 1, 1968 and the town firemen spent many long hours preparing to meet the deadline. Two second-hand trucks were purchased by the town to be equipped as tank trucks to carry water to fires where water is not easily accessible. Two new pickup trucks were also purchased at this time. The chassis' of the tank trucks have since been replaced by more powerful and maneuverable trucks. The chassis of the McKinley Ave. tanker was replaced in 1972 and the Center Rutland truck was replaced in 1975.

Though not formally active yet, the town firemen got their first taste of firefighting when, on April 16, 1968 a large barn owned by Orin Thomas of Rutland Town was destroyed by fire. Firemen were at the scene for over six hours. Following the purchase of the trucks and completion of the McKinley Avenue Station, Chief Morse submitted his resignation to the Selectmen, and Richard Spicer was appointed Chief of the Rutland

Town Fire Department. The men spent countless hours preparing the stations for use; wiring and plumbing had to be done and an alarm system had to be installed. Radios were purchased for the trucks and a "base station" was established at Dolans Answering Service. The "base station" answers calls coming in on the "red phone", a phone specially installed for townspeople to report fires. The "base" then activates the alarm system which is a horn on top of each station. The answering service then calls the Chief's home and several other specified firemen's homes to begin the telephone call system the department has developed. In the call system, the wives of the firemen have a list of other firemen's phone numbers and call them to inform them where the fire is. Men who live close to the fire station get the trucks and bring them to the fire; those men who live farther away respond directly to the fire scene.

The October 1, 1968 deadline came quickly, but the fire department was totally prepared to take control. The first "official fire" came only eleven days after the Rutland Town Fire Department was activated. The fire was in a small shed off Post Road Extension. The department's second fire was of major proportions and was of "suspicious" origin. It totally destroyed two large buildings at Killington Wood Products on the Cold River Road. Rutland City and Rutland Town Firemen spent nearly six hours at this blaze which caused an estimated \$100,000 damage. The fire was only one of the several "suspicious" fires which plagued town firemen during their first year of operation.

In early January, 1969, the Rutland Town Fire Department joined the Rutland County Mutual Aid Association which consists of sixteen area fire departments and offers free mutual aid fire assistance to its members. The department met only token resistance when it applied for membership. The only major question that developed was - Do the voters of each town have to accept mutual aid contracts or is it solely up to the fire departments themselves? This question was based on a somewhat vague state statute. This problem was readily settled by allowing each town Fire Chief to set up the contract for his town. The Rutland Fire Department went to the Town of Clarendon on its first mutual aid call on January 16, 1969. The fire destroyed a large barn owned by Robert Ruane. Firemen were at the scene almost twelve hours trying to douse the flames.

The years have gone by smoothly for the town fire department and it has readily gained acceptance by its neighboring towns. We have been very fortunate that we have had no terribly devastating fires in the town. The most massive and tragic fire the town department has been called to was on January 7, 1973 when the former Berwick Hotel burned. The Rutland City Fire Department called in eight towns for mutual aid assistance. Five residents of the Hotel perished in the fire which was listed as one of the worst in the history of the city of Rutland. Firefighters were greatly hampered in their efforts to control the blaze by the sub-zero temperatures that night.

One event of which the entire department is particularly proud occurred in August, 1973 at the Vermont State Firefighters Convention in Bennington. Mr. Cleto DelBianco, one of the original volunteers in the Rutland Town Fire Dept. was elected Vermont State Fireman of the Year. In the resume of Cletos' achievements which the department submitted to the Firefighters Assoc., it was pointed out that Cleto was fundamental in the designing, building and installation of the quick dump system on our tank trucks.

The Rutland Town Fire Department was organized at a time of great debate and with an uneasy feeling for its success. Since that time, however, the uneasiness has been relieved; the department has proven itself quick, reliable, and efficient in protecting the lives and property of the people in Rutland Town as well as in the surrounding communities. The success of the fire department would not have been possible without the en-

couragement of all the townspeople. We thank you for your help and look forward to your continued support in the future.

Respectfully submitted,
Michael R. McCarthy
Rutland Town Fire Department

THE RUTLAND TOWN BICENTENNIAL FILE

When we began collecting material for our booklet, we realized that a surplus of valuable bits of historical information might be uncovered as the interest in our town's past is rekindled. Time and space prohibit us from including more in our booklet and so we have established a Rutland Town Bicentennial File which is kept in the Elementary School Library. We invite Townspeople to contribute anything in the line of manuscripts, clippings, or photos which relate to our town's history. It is available to anyone. Listed below are a few items of note already in the file that might invite your rainy day perusal:

For more information about the Billings Farm:

The Will of Rev. Benajah Roots

A Little Mystery Solved?

More information about the first settlers:

Excerpts from the Inaugural Address of Hon. John A. Mead, 4/1/1893

Henry Hall's Address, Centennial Celebration of Settlement of Rutland, 1870

Meteors In Vermont 100 Years Ago, Rutland Herald 1925 - 26?

Ralph Griffins Oxen, Rutland Herald, 3/18/1975

The Art of Quilting by Eleanor Douglas

School Reports, Old Rutland Town Reports, 1893 - 94 - 95 - 96 - 97 1904 - 07 - 08

Excerpts from "Covered Bridges of New England" by Clara Wagemann

There are other contributions which you will discover yourself.



